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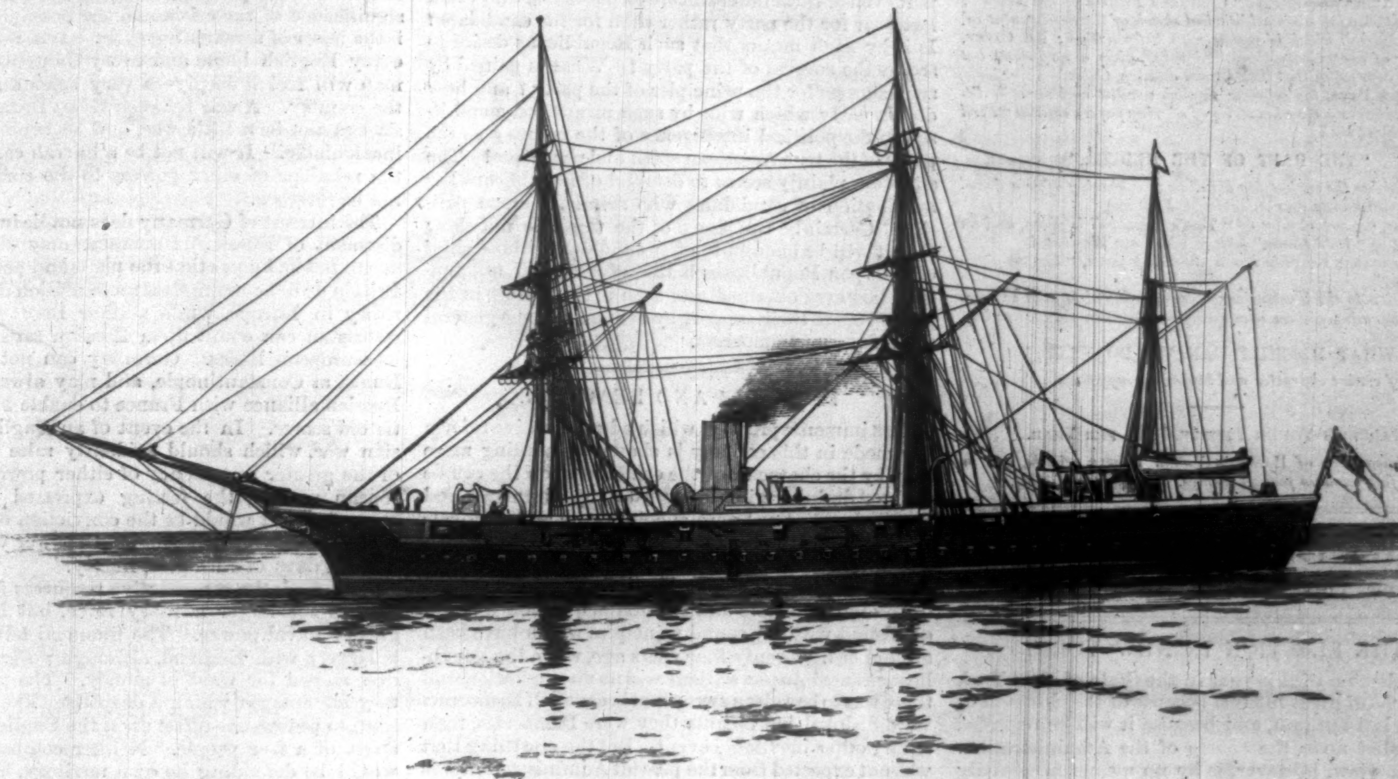
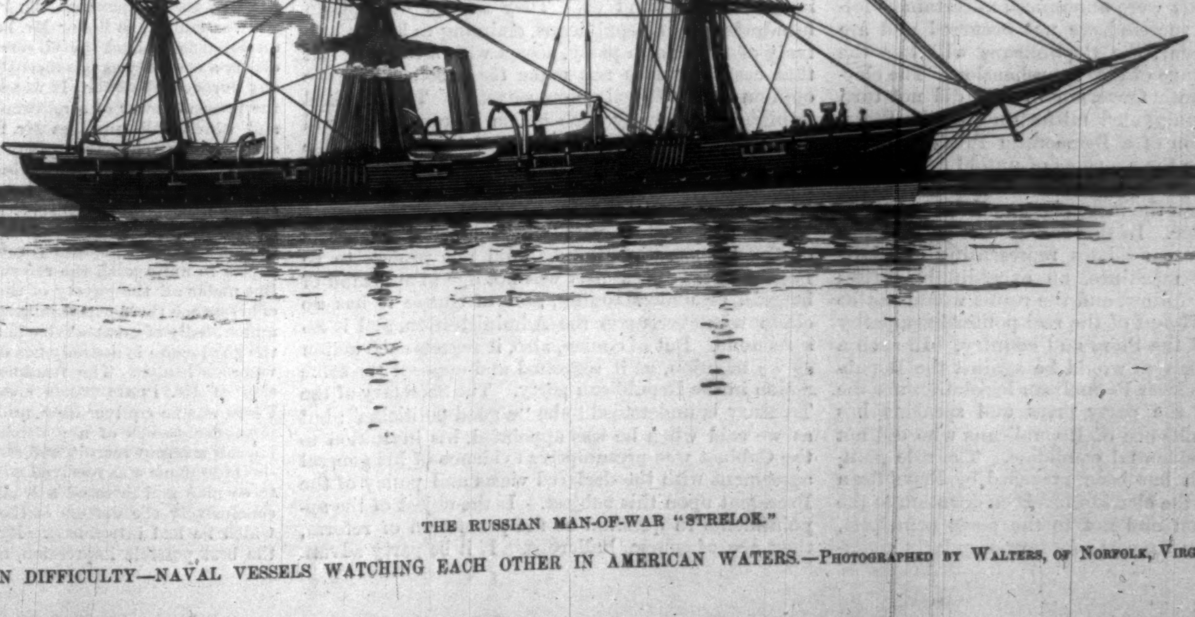


THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR "GARNET."



THE RUSSIAN MAN-OF-WAR "STRELOK."

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN DIFFICULTY—NAVAL VESSELS WATCHING EACH OTHER IN AMERICAN WATERS.—Photographed by Walters, of Norfolk, Virginia.—[See Page 299.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS

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Colonel Thomas W. Knox *tells some entertaining anecdotes about dogs;* Dr. Ayres *describes the "Children's Festival of the Arabs";* Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie *gives a historical sketch of the development of "Church Music," which is replete with information;* Mr. Casey, *in another of his "Chats about Philately," gives a very short but interesting account of that little-known country, Corea.*

Mr. James Payn, *the popular English novelist and versatile littérateur, brings to a close his series of stirring papers entitled "Peril and Privation" with*

"THE RAFT OF THE MEDUSA,"

which furnishes the subject for a full-page engraving after a drawing by the well-known marine artist M. J. Burns.

In fiction, the second part of "Tom's Troubles" is given, and an installment of "Rolf House," both of which are illustrated.

Mrs. Margaret Eytinge *has a charming poem, "Lessons from the Garden."*

In addition to the illustrations already referred to may be mentioned a charming picture accompanying Colonel Knox's *article, entitled*

"WHAT MISCHIEF CAN WE DO NEXT?"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, May 9, 1885.

THE ELECTION IN NEW YORK.

THE election of this year in the State of New York will be of great interest because of the closeness of the vote last autumn, and because it will be regarded as a verdict upon the course of the Administration. This last view, however, is by no means necessarily correct, because the result will depend largely upon the character and fitness of the candidates. This, indeed, is the conspicuous lesson of the last election. There were Republican voters enough to decide the election who would not support the Republican candidate merely to prove their general sympathy with the Republican party; and there are undoubtedly plenty of voters in the State of New York who are well disposed toward the national Administration who would not vote for an objectionable local Democratic candidate in order to prove it. On the other hand, Republican candidates whose nomination would prove nothing but the ascendency of the influences which have brought disaster upon the party would certainly not be supported by independent Republican voters merely because the nomination was Republican. This is a fact which events have proved incontestably, and wrath and reviling and lying at it and about it are of no practical advantage whatever, and are wholly unbecoming to sensible politicians and party organs.

At this early period, therefore, there is a prospect of a great deal of independent voting in New York next November. It is clear that just in the degree that the course of the national Administration proves that the disasters which were announced as certain to follow Democratic success have not occurred and are not likely to occur, the Republicans will lose the enormous advantage of that apprehension. The election of a Democratic Governor in 1882 did not turn out to be an unmitigated misfortune for the State, and if the election of a Democratic President shall also put to shame the prophets of untold evils to follow, the dullest politician must see that something more effective than the mere party name is necessary to arouse the voter. In this situation, if both parties should nominate candidates representing only the respective party machines, an exceedingly listless campaign would follow, and the result would not be in the least significant of the real political sympathy and tendency of the State and country. In such a campaign the chances would be against the Republicans, because neither Republican legislation nor the general tone of the party press and speakers has renewed the confidence of Republicans who did not vote for the Presidential candidate. The sole political gospel which has been preached by Republican authorities since the election has been devotion to the party organization and not to the party principles, and unhesitating support of every regularly nominated candidate, however unfit he may be—a course which has been discreditable and injurious, as well as totally unworthy of the party.

The wise Republican policy in New York for the election of this year seems to us to be to eschew the counsels of those who think with Mr. William Walter Phelps that the machine is the vital element of the party, and to appeal to its intelligence and moral impulse. It is no secret that intrigues are going on to complete bargains like those of last year, and to secure the support of a large Catholic and liquor vote for the Republican candidate, counting also upon the discontent of Democratic heelers of high and low degree with the conduct of the national Administration. The course of the Legislature upon the excise laws, the Freedom of Worship Bill, the soldiers' and sailors' exemption amendment, has been determined by the desire to cement this alliance, and to propitiate ignorant and reactionary politicians. This is a game which counts, of course, upon the opposition of independent Republicans. But can it depend upon the support even of those other sincere Republicans who voted last year for the party rather than for the candidate? Is it by such means that such Republicans desire to secure the success of the party? What is gained by such success for the principles of the party? and how does a party which wins by such means commend itself to the political intelligence of the country as the party of the true American spirit and character? The situation plainly seems to demand of Republicans the nomination of candidates who stand for clean politics. Certainly the signs of the times do not show that it will be enough to offer candidates whose chief claim upon Republicans is that of a regular nomination, however obtained, and then to try to whip in the party vote to their support by denouncing the general wickedness of Democrats.

PROGRESS AND REACTION.

THE immense progress which administrative reform has made in this country is shown by nothing more than by the character of the criticism upon the course of the Administration in regard to appointments and removals. Not only are appointments and removals which upon any previous party change in the Executive would have been unnoticed as matters of course now discussed and condemned, but the displacement of foreign ministers and consuls is questioned as inconsistent with the sound principles which have been announced. Twenty-four years ago, when the Republicans came into power, there was no more question that there was to be a clean sweep, not because all Democrats were disloyal, but because they were Democrats, than of any other inevitable event. But the one thing that was not expected from the present Administration was a clean sweep, and not only has this expectation been justified, but the counsel of the whole body of politicians "upon the make" has been generally discarded, and the four years' incumbents who have not politically abused their offices will apparently serve out their terms. Both the conduct of the Administration and the criticism and comment upon it show the prodigious advance of public sentiment.

In common, however, with all who understand the necessity of a reform we regret the selection of men like Messrs. Higgins, Pillsbury, Chase, and Troup for important public trusts. Such appointments are not only inconsistent with any principle of reform, but injurious to the Administration which authorizes them. It is useless to say that an Administration can not be expected to break with its party, because when its party is believed to be represented by such officers, the country will break with the Administration. It was the same proceeding upon the Republican side, the evident party rather than public interest in the exercise of the appointing power, which has done much to alienate Republican sympathy and lead to Republican defeat. Such offenses as these appointments were, indeed, familiar under Republican administration. Plenty of illustrations could be cited immediately around us. They are no worse than hundreds which Republicans, claiming to be distinctively of the reform party, accept with a shrug. But that certainly does not make them better. Public opinion is now happily more sensitive. The standard is higher, and every such action is now scrutinized and judged in a way which is of the best possible augury for honest politics and decent government, and which should also remind the Administration that such action is unwise.

The Independent vote which aided the success of the Democratic candidate did not profess to be Democratic. Its support was not due to any kind of bargain or understanding, and of course it has no claim whatever upon the Administration, and it asserts none. But of course, also, it regrets such action as we mention, as it regretted and opposed the same action in the Republican party. The Secretary of the Treasury is understood to be "a good politician"; but as we said when he was appointed, his invitation to the Cabinet was presumptive evidence of his general agreement with the declared views and policy of the President upon this subject. If the object of the appointments in question be the promotion of reform, they are, of course, ludicrous. If it be party advantage, they outrage the reform sentiment within the Democratic party. The prosperity of the Administration does not depend upon propitiating the spirit which has produced profound distrust of the Democratic party, but upon showing that its course in appointments and removals is controlled by a clearly defined principle, and the proof of the control of such a principle is consistent action.

THE PROBABLE WAR.

Mr. Gladstone's speech upon asking the war credit was received with great enthusiasm, and the tone of the comments upon it shows how thoroughly united England is upon the subject. It is fortunate that at this moment a man like Gladstone is Prime Minister, because the country has the moral assurance that if war should come, it is honorably unavoidable, and that it is not undertaken for any kind of Buncombe or Jingoism. The contest would appeal to the strongest feelings of Englishmen, and John Bright's refusal to attend the peace meeting shows that he feels the significance of the crisis, and the possibility that war is the lesser of threatening evils. It is, however—and every English home and every thoughtful Englishman will feel it deeply—a very solemn moment for the country. A war between Great Britain and Russia can not be a little war, and its consequences are incalculable. It will not be a hurrah campaign, and the relations of other powers to the combatants can not be foreseen.

The interest of Germany does not lie in the aggrandizement of Russia. Bismarck may dislike Gladstone, but he knows that the plans and policy of Great Britain do not contemplate an extension of British territory in Europe, while neither Bismarck nor any statesman can count upon Russian satisfaction with its European limits. Germany can not wish to see Russia at Constantinople, and may always suspect a Russian alliance with France to enable France to settle old scores. In the event of an English and Russian war, which should evidently raise the question of the greater ascendency of either power in the European system, the feeling expressed by the Vienna *Tagblatt* would be the conviction of liberal Europe: "The last days of England's power would be also the last days of European liberty."

As regards the comparative resources for war, Russia has the larger military force, but England the greater naval power. The financial advantage also is largely with England, although no great war was ever stayed for want of money. The general military advantages which a despotism like Russia may seem to possess are offset upon the English side by the spirit of a free people. Neither combatant, indeed, would be defending its own territory, but the situation would none the less join the issue between the two countries as representatives of opposing principles. Preference of liberty and sympathy with a nation of our own blood and great traditions, whose advance has always extended freedom and civilization, is not a sentimental delusion. In a speech upon St. George's Day Professor Goldwin Smith said that he had little faith in conquest as a means of civilization, but if ever a sincere effort to give civilization has been made, England has made it in India. It might, he said, be doubtful whether England is richer or happier for possessing India, but the overthrow of her power there now would not be a gain to India or to humanity. It would only restore the murderous chaos from which England has lifted the country.

THE PENDLETON DINNER.

Mr. MacVeagh said, banteringly, at the Pendleton dinner, that no great public movement involving grave reforms can hold itself to be in any just sense successful until it is able to gather representative men of every opinion and calling around a public dinner table. It was a humorous way of putting the fact that such an occasion is the evidence of a public interest too emphatic to be disregarded; and the company at the Pendleton dinner—a company assembled to honor Mr. Pendleton exclusively as a distinguished friend of civil service reform—was as extraordinary a company as has recently gathered in New York for any purpose whatever. It was the most signal evidence of the present power of a movement that can not be stayed, and which will go on, as Mr. Phelps said in his Boston speech, in summers that many of its warmest friends will not see, to the complete overthrow of the spoils system.

Mr. MacVeagh's description of the feeling of many excellent men toward civil service reformers, that they were gloomy dyspeptics, and his picture of the unwillingness of the good people who desired reform, but did not desire dyspepsia to unite with the reformers, was exceedingly droll. But under all the gayety of the banter in the earlier part of his speech there was significant truth, and the dinner was undoubtedly of great service in reminding the skeptics that the good cause is not only not dyspeptic, but is in the most vigorous health. The frankness, the force, and the decision of Mr. Pendleton's speech were most agreeable. There was no equivocation, no hesitation, and it was in no sense the speech of a politician. Mr. Pendleton called himself a recent recruit, and stated plainly that Mr. Eaton—whose name was received with the hearty applause due to so able and devoted a leader—had pointed out to him conclusively the defects of the Jenckes or Edmunds bill which he had introduced. Mr. Pendleton's speech made the best possible impression, and as the tribute of a man who has been long in active public life, it was very significant.

That word, indeed, may be applied to all the speeches—to Mr. Schoonmaker's lucid exposition of the competitive principle; to Mr. Evarts's declaration of his early adhesion to reform; to Mr. Dorsheimer's sturdy denunciation of venal and obstructive legislation; to Mr. Sherman Rogers's clear and admirable presentation of the question of the application of the reformed system to municipal government, which held the close attention of the company at a very late hour; and to Mr. George Ticknor Curtis's succinct statement of the views of the civil service held by the fathers of the government. President White, of Cornell, a predecessor of Mr. Pendleton in the German mission, who was to have spoken, was unfortunately unable to be present. Altogether the Pendleton dinner was a very suggestive event in the annals of civil service reform.

AN UNFORTUNATE SELECTION.

The President has appointed Mr. Keiley as Minister to Austria instead of Italy; but it is evident that he should not be sent anywhere as a representative of the United States. Besides his extravagant denunciation of the Italian government, and his adulation of the tyranny of the temporal power of the Papacy, and his assertion that the authority of the United States government in Virginia is due to a gross and bloody violation of right, there is now recalled a work of Mr. Keiley's containing his reflections as a prisoner of war during the rebellion, in which Sherman's campaign in Georgia is described as "that hellish carnival of lust and rapine and outrage and arson and murder and nameless villainies."

This is not a proper representative of this government anywhere, and it is a great misfortune for the Administration that Mr. Keiley should have been introduced by it to the country, and to Mr. Keiley himself that he should not have remained unknown. It is a selection for which the Secretary of State must be held responsible, and the frank and decided condemnation of it upon the facts being known will be of good service.

From the necessity of the case the President must leave to each Secretary the management of his department, and the suggestion of persons for him to appoint. The appointments, for example, of Higgins, Pillsbury, Chase, and Troup were undoubtedly made upon the recommendation of the Secretary of the Treasury. But the President may require of the Secretaries that their recommendations shall be conformed to his general policy, for it is he and not the Secretary who is responsible to the country.

THE NIAGARA RESERVATION.

The State of New York and the whole country are to be congratulated upon the Governor's approval of the Niagara Reservation Bill. It seemed for some days as if all the work that has been lavished upon this important measure would be lost, and the desires of the great body of intelligent citizens baffled. Had this anticipation been confirmed, the result would have been exceedingly unpleasant to what are supposed to be the political aspirations of the Governor.

By his approval, just in time to prevent the lapse of the bill, the State of New York is saved from the disgrace of permitting the sublimest natural spectacle within its borders to be practically destroyed as a spectacle by the encroachment of every kind of obstruction and disfigurement. The shores immediately adjacent are to be taken by the State at a just appraisal, and to be kept free from defacement, and laid out in simple turf and walks and trees, but without elaborate embellishment.

The Niagara reservation belongs to that class of public works which at once attest and develop a generous public spirit. As we have said, more than once, there is no kind of jobbery in the movement. The measure originated in a just sense of the duty of the State to show itself worthy of so grand a trust from nature; and the support which the project has received from the people of the State is highly gratifying. To Senator Robb, from the city of New York, the utmost credit is due for the unflagging vigilance with which he has guarded and pressed the bill. Except for such a champion in the Legislature, it is very doubtful if the great and fortunate result could have been achieved.

THE AUTHORS' READINGS.

The readings of the authors at the Madison Square Theatre for the benefit of the American Copyright League were exceedingly interesting. A committee of ladies had interested themselves in the enterprise, and the result of their efforts was a crowded and brilliant assembly. The secret of the attraction was, of course, the personal presence of many of the American authors whose names and works are at this time most familiar to the public. The readers who have followed the fortunes of the characters of the novelists, and laughed with the humorists, and felt the power of the poets and essayists, naturally wish to see the friendly magicians to whom they owe so much and such constant pleasure.

The larger number of the gentlemen who read are not in the habit of reading or speaking in public, but the arts of elocution are not necessary to the charm of an author reading for once his own work. The case is different when he proposes, like Dickens, a series of dramatic readings, or when, like Thackeray, he reads essays especially prepared for public delivery. The readings of which we are speaking were of another kind. They were strictly amateur and occasional, and the pleasure lay in the association for a common purpose of so many famous writers.

The purpose is the discussion of the question of international copyright—a question which was very generally debated four or five years ago, and which is not at all a new one. The interest at that time was in the proposition of a settlement by treaty, a proposition which had the general support both of authors and publishers. The League now favors a bill to be passed by Congress, and hopes to arouse public attention and sympathy to a degree which would exert an effective pressure upon Congress. The fate of Mr. Dorsheimer's bill, however, and the drift of the little discussion which it received, show the probability of the Congressional overhauling of any bill which would essentially change its character. Mr. Dorsheimer forcibly denounced at the Pendleton dinner the methods, under the extraordinary rules of the House, by which the best legislation may be defeated, and such methods would be certainly tried against a just international copyright bill. But the pleasant Round Table of the Knights of Letters who put their lances in rest last week at the Madison Square Theatre is thoroughly in earnest, and it will press the agitation of the question to some satisfactory conclusion.

A HAPPY DEFEAT.

The Freedom of Worship Bill has been rejected, probably, for this session. A motion to take it up in the Assembly was defeated by a tie vote, which was almost wholly a party vote. The Republicans opposed the consideration, the Democrats favored it. This vote, from the party point of view, is a rebuke to the Republican Senators who supported the bill, and it is undoubtedly a result due in great part to the very decided tone of the Republican press.

It will be very fortunate if the feeling which has thus affected the action of the Assembly should be correctly appreciated by the Republican intriguers of whom we speak elsewhere, and still more fortunate if it should lead to a complete abandonment of the preposterous alliance upon which so much reliance was placed in the Presidential election. It was part of the general demoralization of the campaign which led to Republican disaster.

Freedom of worship in this State is nowhere threatened or infringed. The bill so called is a proposed law to introduce a sectarian form of worship into public institutions, and the Republican refusal to support it is a good sign. It seems to be hardly possible that the project will be agitated further at present. But undoubtedly it will re-appear hereafter.

UPON THE ISTHMUS.

The late trouble at Panama seems to be at an end, and the end is doubtless due to the prompt and decisive action of Secretary Whitney. So far as they are known, his orders were timely and wise, and, so far as his action is concerned, American interests at Panama and upon the Isthmus have been effectively protected.

There is, however, great need of a thorough investigation of the events at Aspinwall, and especially of the charges against Commander Kane, of the *Galena*. The proceedings at Aspinwall, at the time of the outbreak, look very strangely from this distance. The responsibility rests with somebody. Apparently either the Navy Department was at fault, or Captain Beardsley or Captain Kane was to blame.

Secretary Whitney has shown such vigilance and vigor in his official conduct since he assumed direction of naval affairs that he will undoubtedly press a complete and impartial inquiry. There is evidently something to be cleared up.

THE OLD QUESTION AGAIN.

Mr. Emory A. Storrs, in a very temperate article upon "Political Campaigns," published in the first number of the *Political Magazine*, at Urbana, Illinois, says of the late campaign:

> "But the dissensions of the party had been extending for four years: the so-called reform element in it, dissatisfied unless the minority, of which they were members, could control the majority, threatened revolt."

The Republicans who make this statement are unwise, because it elicits an expression of the simple truth, that the revolt in question was simply the refusal of the minority to support a candidate whom they believed to have traded upon his official position. That was an objection which a majority could not remove unless the evidence was discredited to the satisfaction of the minority. Mr. Storrs would hardly argue that the nomination of a candidate by a majority of votes in a Convention must be held to disprove all charges against him. He would not do this, because it is not doubted that Tweed was always nominated and elected by the majority in his district.

The assertion that it is very presumptuous for a man to assume to be wiser or better than his party is also one, we have no doubt, that he would disdain. Upon indifferent matters, upon points of personal preference for candidates, upon this or that form of declaration of principle, a party man will of course confirm his action to the will of the majority. But if he has satisfied himself that a man is tricky or false, how can the different opinion of a hundred other persons, founded upon the same facts and, as he thinks, not an impartial opinion, change his judgment? This is a point with which a majority has nothing whatever to do, and to assert that if a man holds to his own view and to his consequent duty, as against a majority, he is attempting to control those who differ from him, is to say that Luther and the Reformers were assuming to dictate to the Vatican.

PERSONAL.

Bishop Henry C. Potter tells a pleasing story of a literary lion whom he met across the water, who astonished him one day at a public dinner, after a protracted silence, by mashing his strawberries with a fork, and then eating them with the aid of that useful utensil. The Bishop facetiously adds that his respect for authors has caused his own practice ever since to be governed by that example.

—Mr. W. D. Howells, in a forth-coming new novel, declares that it is a defect of the literary temperament to feel that it atones for its own wrong-doing by the effect with which it has portrayed it, and mentions the case of a hen-pecked New England divine who used to think how much easier it was to make one's peace with one's Maker than with one's wife.

—A suburban lady of much dignity of manner entered a Hoboken ferry-boat. The place was crowded, and a gentleman arose from his seat and begged her to take it. She did so with much grace, and after adjusting her gown, looked peacefully into his eyes and remarked, "I do not feel that I ought to thank you; this is the ladies' cabin, I believe." It may be mentioned in connection with this case that the famous printed announcement on the boats of that ferry, "The seats in this cabin are reserved for ladies; gentlemen will please not occupy them until the ladies are seated," has given way to the less ambiguous statement that "the seats in this cabin are exclusively reserved for ladies," so that the discomfited gentleman had only himself to blame.

—A certain Turk, according to Mr. Frank R. Stockton, was once married to a veiled lady in white in the presence of the Sultan. As soon as the ceremony was concluded the bride mysteriously disappeared. The groom was led into an adjoining room, where stood twelve ladies, all dressed in white, but without veils. "Choose from the twelve," exclaimed the sovereign, "her that is your bride." As the man had never seen her face, the command bewildered him. "If you make a mistake," added his Majesty, "your life shall pay the forfeit. The poor fellow walked up and down the row of beauties, but saw nothing whatever to aid his choice. "You have only a minute left," yelled the Sultan, in anger; "choose at once." Two of the ladies, he noticed, gave him something else than a stony stare. One of them frowned; the other smiled. "The frowning one," he thought, "is my bride, for she expresses her displeasure and impatience at my ignorance. No," he said to himself; "it must be the smiling one, for she desires to invite me to her." After debating the subject in his mind until his time was up, he boldly made a selection from the two. He was successful. He had regained his bride. Which was she, the one who frowned or the one who smiled? The answer to the question Mr. Stockton leaves in impenetrable mystery.

—Miss Mary Anderson's farewell speech to her audience, after the close of her London season, brought tears to many eyes, it was so simple, natural, and full of feeling. Its last words were: "Please don't quite forget me; I can never forget you or your kindness. I hope I am not saying good-by forever, for I want to come back. Dare I hope you will be a little glad to see me? I know that I shall be very glad to see you. Until I do so, good-by, and thank you again and again."

—The Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, after learning of Mr. S. S. Cox's nomination to be Minister to Turkey, wrote to President Cleveland that it was a mistake. Mr. Cox, he said, was needed at home by the Administration. "The navy must be looked after; the tariff must be revised; Mr. Cox is the Great Commoner, and his place is in Congress."

—The Baroness De Struve, wife of the Russian Minister at Washington: "I do not like to speak French anywhere. It is a foolish and frivolous language. Why should one use it when one can express herself in English, which is the noblest and best language in the world? I am proud to speak the language of the Americans."

—The King of Saxony is reported to have offered to the British government Raphael's celebrated painting, the "Madonna di San Sisto." The price asked is $750,000. The picture is more than three hundred and fifty years old.

—Sir Walter Scott's clever and hospitable friend, the dowager Baroness Ruthven, is dead, at the age of ninety-six. She was rich, cultivated, and beautiful, and she kept her faculties to the last.

—On the lyceum platform Mr. Samuel L. Clemens preserves steadfastly a countenance of agonizing perplexity while telling his funniest stories.

—Dr. Fordyce Barker, one of General Grant's physicians, expresses himself in strong terms about his enforced notoriety in connection with the General's illness. He is doing what he can for his illustrious patient, he says, and it is very distasteful to him to see his name daily in the newspapers. It is one of the penalties of the situation.

—A gentlemanly young Japanese student—and qualified observers know that it is the rule for young Japanese students in this country to be gentlemanly—explains that he and his comrades have a good reading knowledge of English before they come to America, having obtained it at the government colleges and private schools of Japan. It is only necessary for them to become accustomed to hear the language spoken, and this they accomplish in a very few weeks.

—Mrs. Garfield is worth about $450,000, which nets her an income, at four per cent., of $16,000 a year. Her pension from Congress is $5000 a year, making her entire resources $21,000 a year.

—An odd misprint in the New York *Times*, the other day, had the result of showing the excellence of Stormonth's English Dictionary. An article in the *Times* in reference to the collapse of Buddensiek's buildings had stigmatized the constructor as a "jewy" builder, and numbers of indignant Hebrews wrote to inquire what the *Times* meant. It turned out that the *Times* meant, and the author of the article had written, that Buddensiek was a "jerry" builder, and the *Times* quoted from Stormonth the definition of "jerry" as "in familiar slang, anything inferior, trashy, or very mean; scamped or unsubstantial workmanship; applied to cheap and very inferior houses run up by speculative builders." Comparison shows that the word is not to be found in Worcester, Webster, Latham, or the Imperial Dictionary.

—General Grant's salary as retired General of the army is paid to him monthly in installments of $1125 each. It dates from March 3, 1885, and is sent by the army paymaster in this city.

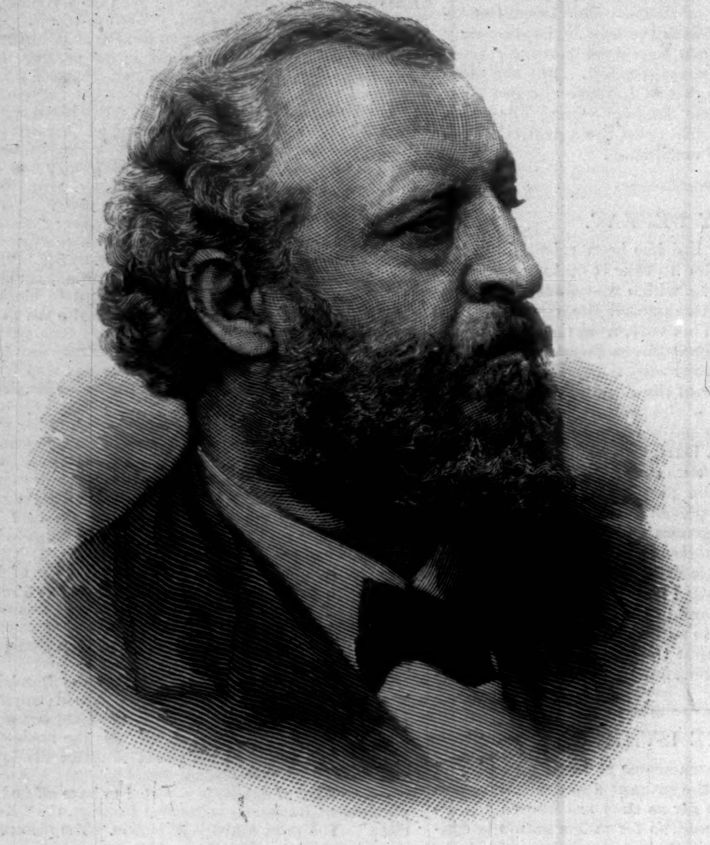
—Miss Constance Edgar, step-daughter of Colonel Jerome N. Bonaparte, great-granddaughter of Daniel Webster, and a young lady of nineteen, of many personal and intellectual charms, has become a nun in a convent at Baltimore.

—Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins University, is one of the few learned professors in this country who are not required to exhaust a good deal of their vitality in the duties of teaching. He has assistants who teach his classes, and his time is free for scholarly investigation which shall add to the sum total of knowledge. There is not an ambitious and clever college professor in the United States, without such privileges, who does not sorely lament their absence. The example of Johns Hopkins University in this respect has many European precedents, and is luminous. Nothing so takes the starch out of a college professor who wishes to write books as the necessity of teaching boys.

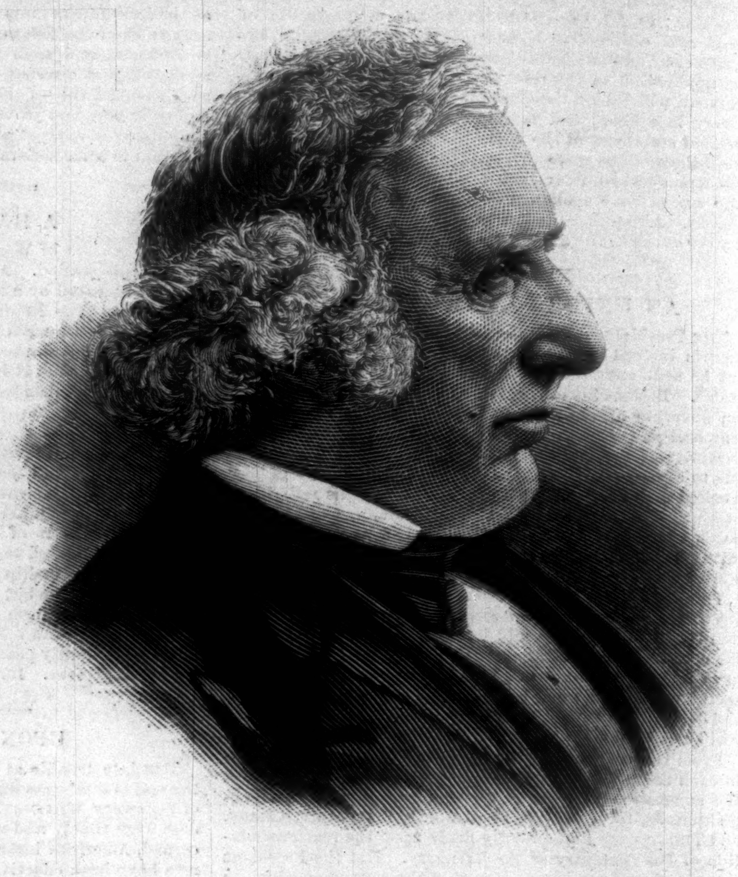
—In presenting a gold cross and a diploma, with an autographic signature, to those domestic servants in Prussia who have completed their fortieth year of unbroken service, the Empress of Germany has won the tender consideration of housekeepers throughout Christendom. But if an American lady should offer to do likewise for the domestic servants of this land, her porte-monnaie would not become much lighter.

—It now appears that Thomas Jefferson was so accomplished a naturalist that the great Buffon said to him on one occasion, "I should have consulted you, sir, before publishing my *Natural History*, and then I should have been sure of my facts."

—Says the London *Academy*, March 14: "The Museum of New York is unrivalled in the multitude and quality of its sculptures and antiquities from Cyprus. It owes this position to its present director, General Cesnola. By extraordinary strokes of good fortune, occurring now and then as the reward of many years of incessant and expensive excavation, he was able to form a collection which has proved since then a constant and grateful source of new ideas to those who have been occupied with that most interesting period of Greek art—the period of its intimacy with the Phœnicians. The Cesnola collection has given us, so to speak, the standard of Phœnician skill. If archæologists owed General Cesnola no other debt than this, they would have good reason to be thankful."



THE LATE ISAAC W. ENGLAND.—Photographed by Jordan.



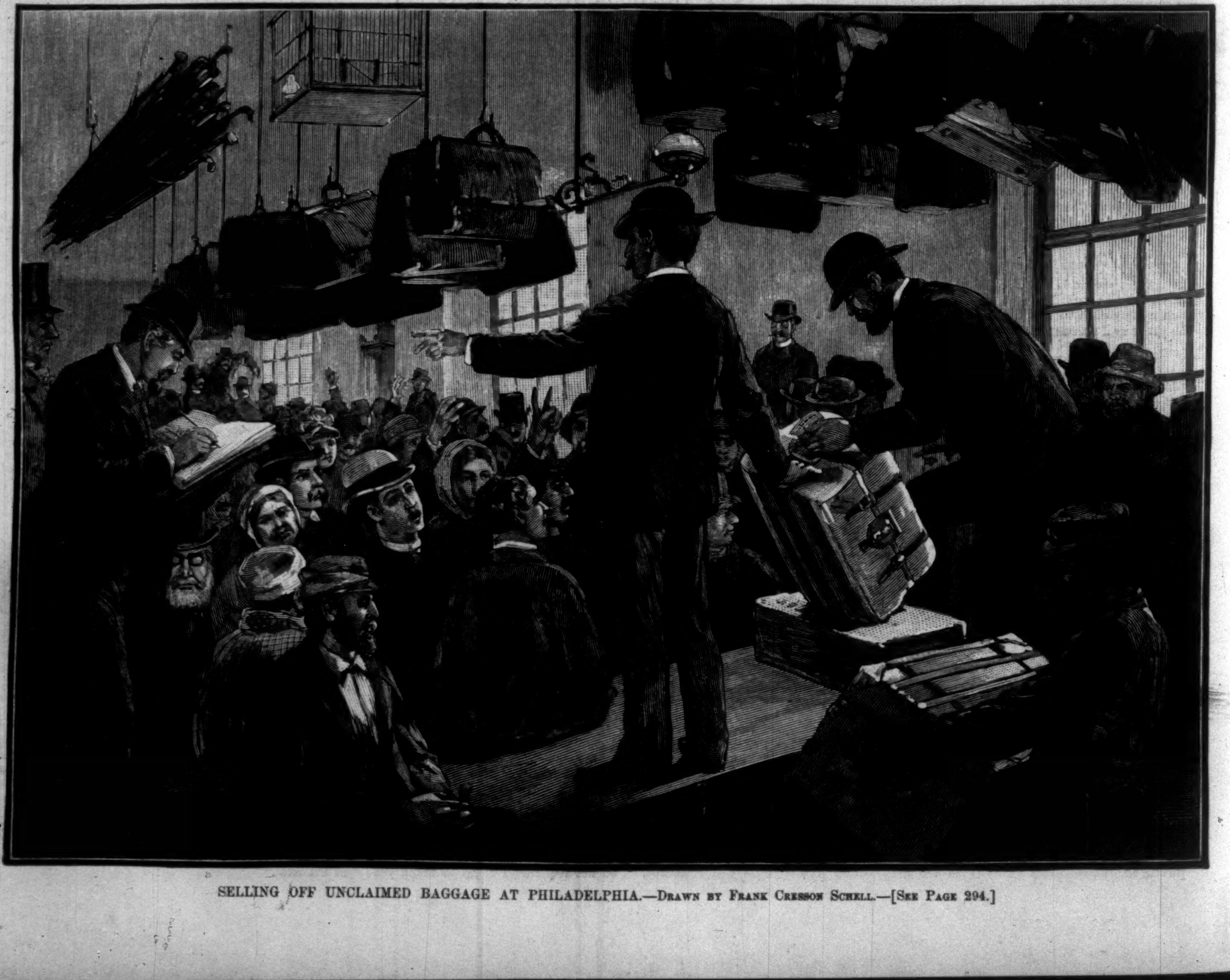
THE LATE COMMODORE GARRISON.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 302.]

ISAAC W. ENGLAND.

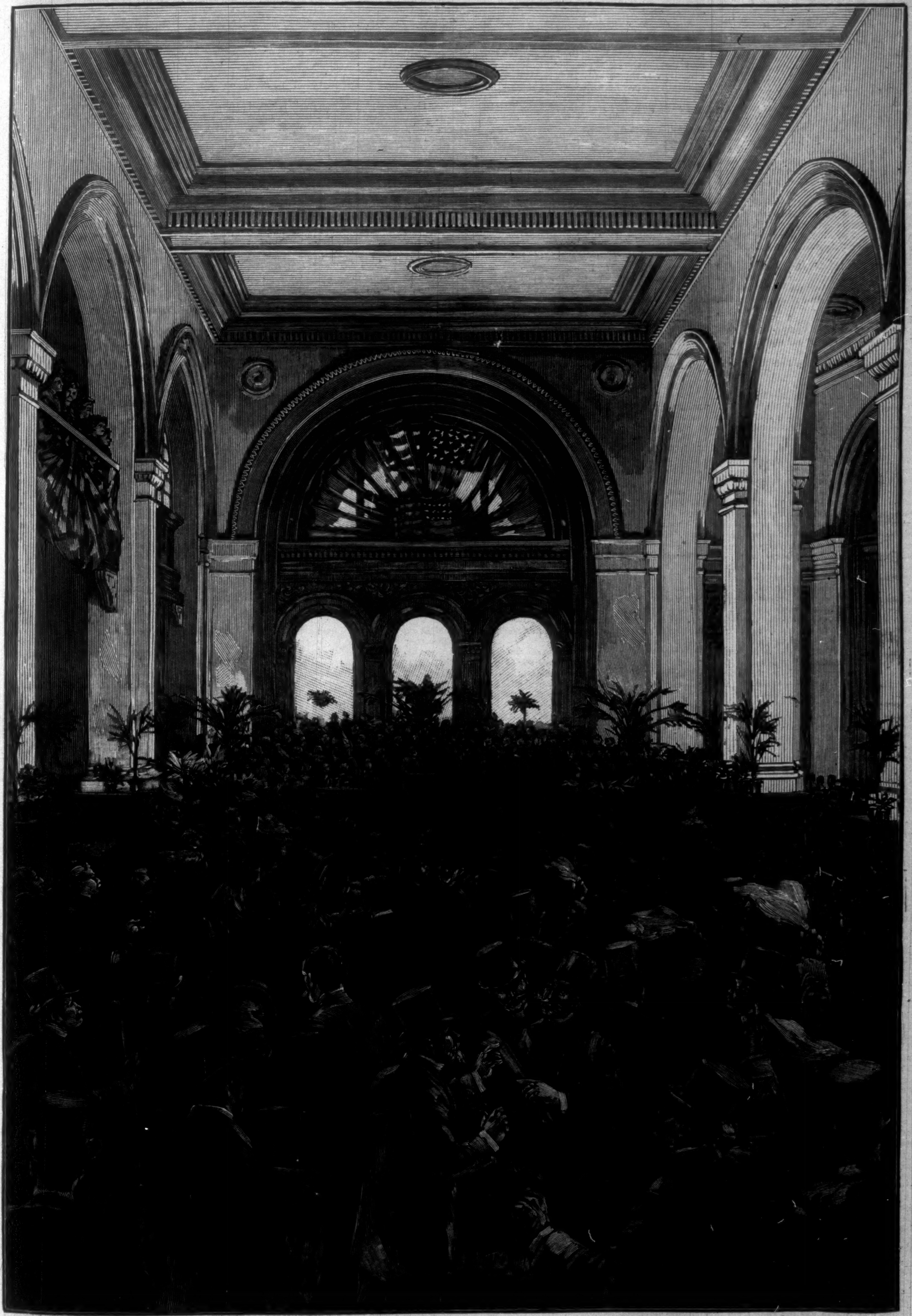
The late publisher of the New York *Sun*, Mr. Isaac W. England, felt a pardonable pride in an early stage of his interesting and successful career. Having come to this country from England, where he had served an apprenticeship as a book-binder, he returned for a brief visit to the land of his birth, with new knowledge enough about his trade to astonish his fellow-workmen there by improved methods of lettering and embossing. He often spoke of this incident with delight.

It was while returning from his triumphant little trip to England that Mr. England conceived the idea—afterward often imitated—of describing to the public the terrors of an ocean voyage in the steerage. His presentation of the facts that came under his own observation resulted eventually in salutary changes in the laws, and in important additions to human happiness. The articles appeared consecutively in the New York *Tribune*, and their reception was so flattering that although the young writer was still earning his bread and butter as a book-binder, he spent his evenings as a newspaper reporter in the streets, gathering whatever his tastes directed, and enjoying the satisfaction of seeing the results of his observations almost immediately in print. Naturally, he soon became a regular *attaché* of the paper, and was afterward its city editor.

When Mr. Charles A. Dana went to Chicago to take charge of the *Republican*, now the *Inter-Ocean*, the young city editor of the New York *Tribune* accompanied him as associate editor; and when the New York *Sun* began its prosperous course under Mr. Dana's management, its managing editor was Mr. England. His relations to that journal soon became more intimate, and for the last seventeen years he has been its publisher. Success had the unusual effect of making him considerate and generous to the unsuccessful. He died sincerely mourned.



SELLING OFF UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE AT PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by Frank Cresson Schell.—[See Page 294.]



OPENING OF THE NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 299.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.[*]

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Clare, meanwhile, had been making acquaintance with the vicissitudes of travel. When the train reached Swindon, it became evident that something had gone wrong. There was more than the usual bustle going on upon the platform; the railway officials were clustered together in a group, and the passengers were excitedly telling one another—as passengers always do when an unexpected delay occurs—that there had been a frightful accident and appalling loss of life. Clare could get no coherent information out of her fellow-travellers; but presently the guard into whose charge Adrian had committed her came up, and asked, "Was you the lady as booked for St. Colomb Road, m'm?"

Clare said, "Yes; has there been an accident?"

"Not to say an accident, m'm; but there's been a bit of a land-slip somewheres down the line, and I doubt they won't get it clear afore night. You see, if you was going no further than Plymouth, m'm, we might be able to get you there later; but as 'tis, I don't see no chance for you."

"What am I to do, then?" asked Clare, in dismay.

"Well, m'm, if you arst me, I should say you was best go back to London. There's the up express going out in five minutes as 'll get you to Paddington at 2.45, and the company 'll pass you down to-morrow with the same ticket."

There did not seem to be much choice about the matter. Clare dispatched a telegram to her father, and was presently speeding toward the metropolis again in the company of several angry individuals, who, like herself, had been compelled to abandon their journey, and who, perhaps, had less reason for railing at their luck than she had. It is always a disagreeable thing to have to return after saying good-by; but in Clare's case this necessity was more than usually painful. The only grain of comfort that she could take to herself, as she was driven away from the Paddington station, was the thought that she certainly would not find Adrian at home on her return. He would, of course, dine at his club, and the chances were that she would not see him until the following morning, so that there would be no need for a long interview between them before they parted again. That she herself would have to do without dinner was not a prospect that distressed her; for she had no appetite, and, indeed, cared little about dinner at the best of times.

She was becoming more cheerful, when an incident occurred which convinced her that this was indeed an unlucky day. Near the Albert Hall her hansom was brought to a stand-still, and suddenly, to her horror, a too-familiar voice exclaimed: "Mrs. Vidal!—is it possible! Have you relented at the last moment, and decided not to bereave us yet awhile?"

Lord St. Austell's nose and teeth and eyeglass appeared before Clare's unwilling eyes like a nightmare out of the murky atmosphere. "I was on my way to your house," he continued. "Going to call on your husband, you know; I quite forgot to leave a card for him the other day. Allow me"—and with an agility very creditable in one of his years, Lord St. Austell hopped into the hansom and seated himself beside his victim. "Now we will proceed together," said he. "I call this a most auspicious meeting."

It certainly seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure. His habitual grin expressed real delight this time, and presently he fell back and went off into a fit of silent laughter which rather alarmed his companion, who could not understand why he should be so merry.

In truth, the days which are unlucky for some must needs be lucky for others, and impartial Fate, while dealing roughly with a few of our friends upon this occasion, had smiled upon Lord St. Austell. His lordship had indeed set out from home with well-grounded anticipations of enjoyment, but this was far more than he had hoped for. His original plan of walking to Alexandra Gardens, asking for Mr. Vidal, and surprising his wife in a situation which even she would admit to be equivocal, sank into insignificance by comparison with the dramatic episode which he now had it in his power to create, and so enchanted was he at the prospect of the coming joke that he had much ado to restrain himself from ruining it by taking Mrs. Vidal into his confidence. He listened inattentively to her account of the mishap which had caused her return, and only began to be amused when she assured him earnestly that he would not find her husband at home.

"Good-by, Lord St. Austell," she said, as she stepped nimbly out on to the pavement; "I won't ask you to come in."

"How cruel you are to me, Mrs. Vidal!" exclaimed the old gentleman, reproachfully. "But perhaps I shall be allowed into the house, though you won't invite me. I came here to call on your husband, you know."

"It really is not worth while to get out and ask for him," said Clare. "He is quite certain to be at his club."

Lord St. Austell, however, had already rung the bell; and great was the astonishment of the parlor-maid on witnessing the return of her mistress, thus escorted. Had this young woman been possessed of presence of mind or consideration for the feelings of others, she would no doubt have mentioned that Adrian was not alone; but presumably she lacked these gifts, and even ordinary good manners into the bargain; for all that she did was to open her eyes very wide and ejaculate, "Lord bless me, mum! Mr. Vidal *will* be surprised!" After which she tripped upstairs to open the drawing-room door.

A careful comparison of the time required to drive from Paddington to Alexandra Gardens with that occupied by the conversation between Adrian and his visitor recorded in the last chapter will show that the new-comers reached the foot of the staircase very shortly after Lady St. Austell had so rashly expressed a wish for their appearance. Neither she nor Adrian had heard the door-bell ring; but they were startled simultaneously by the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and exchanged glances of dismay.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Lady St. Austell, "there's somebody coming! What shall I do?"

There was no time for anything. The words were barely out of her mouth when the door was flung open, admitting Lord St. Austell and Mrs. Vidal; and the tableau which ensued was doubtless appreciated to the full by the only one of the four persons concerned therein who was in a condition of mind to take note of its various features.

It was Lord St. Austell's high-pitched, sarcastic voice that broke the silence.

"Why don't you have a screen in your drawing-room, Mr. Vidal? I thought everybody had Japanese screens nowadays. It is a pity you forgot that useful article when you were furnishing, because, if you had only had it, we might have done the scene from *The School for Scandal* to perfection. Lady St. Austell would have been Lady Teazle; you would have been Joseph Surface; I should have been Sir Peter; and Mrs. Vidal—well, there the cast breaks down a little; but perhaps I might have managed Charles Surface's laugh myself. To tell the truth, I am not sure that I am particularly well fitted to play Sir Peter's part; but I so far resemble him that I shall be glad to hear anything that you may have to say for yourself, Mr. Vidal."

"Perhaps," said Adrian, "I had better tell the plain truth about this unfortunate business. Lady St. Austell called here this afternoon out of sheer—what shall I say?—bravado. She wanted, I believe, to shock Lord Blaise, who had annoyed her by something that he said. It is rather hard lines upon me, seeing that I did my best to dissuade her from coming, and that I shall have to suffer for my folly in giving way; but I see no reason why she should not get off scot-free."

"There *is* no reason," cried the unhappy lady, who was thinking only of her own predicament, and did not notice the somewhat ungracious manner in which she was exculpated. "It all happened just as Mr. Vidal says. I never meant the slightest harm, and I know it is only that spiteful, dishonorable, red-headed wretch who has caused all this trouble!" And here, being overcome by the poignancy of her remorse, she burst into a flood of tears.

When Adrian was left alone, he sat down, and for the space of five minutes made use of every strong expression that he could think of, without thereby succeeding in putting much additional heart into himself. What he was to say to Clare he had no idea; but it was certain that he must say something to her, and presently he followed her to her bedroom, screwing up his courage as best he could to face the inevitable.

He found the door locked, and she only opened it a couple of inches to give him a brief account of the misadventure which had caused her return; after which she begged that she might be left undisturbed until the next morning.

"Won't you let me tell you how all this has come to pass?" pleaded Adrian, humbly.

But she answered, "To-morrow morning, if you wish—not now."

And in the morning he found her as impracticable as he had feared that she would be. She listened to him impassively for a time, and then interrupted him with:

"I would rather hear no more about it, please. I don't wish to refer to the subject again; nor, I should think, do you."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE STING OF THE "SCORPION."

One morning in January, Adrian, after breakfasting at his club, thought it would be a good thing to stroll down to the office of the *Anglo-Saxon*. He had been distressed latterly by comments upon the management of the *Anglo-Saxon* which had reached his ears. The editorial disclaimer which had been wrung from Pilkington by Lady St. Austell, and which has been quoted already, had given rise to a good deal of disrespectful mirth; nor was this the only instance in which that gentleman had thought it necessary to inform his readers that, though he sat upon the box, he did not drive the coach. The common belief is that even the most perfectly trained of teams requires to be driven by somebody, and Pilkington had been at some pains to point out that his team was not trained at all. Thus the public had fallen into the disastrous habit of laughing at him and his queer paper; and Adrian feared—without having any precise information upon the point—that the circulation of the latter was not what could be wished. He had as yet received no return for the two thousand pounds which he had so reluctantly invested in it, although he had supposed that the dividends would have been payable half-yearly. Fifty per cent. would have been extremely welcome to him, and so, indeed, would twenty-five. Ten would not have been amiss. Of late his expectations had become so modest that he had more than once muttered to himself that he would be very glad to see his two thousand back, without a penny in respect of interest.

Revolving all these things in his mind, Adrian walked slowly toward the Strand, where the offices of the *Anglo-Saxon* were situated. These were not particularly commodious; but the editor's room had been furnished with rather more regard to elegance than is generally bestowed upon such apartments, in deference to the fastidious tastes of its present occupant—who, by-the-way, was seldom to be seen in it.

Pilkington, who was seated before a broad writing-table, swung round in his chair, which turned on a pivot, and held out his hand to Adrian with that air of kindly patronage which was all his own. "How do you do, Vidal?" he said. "I am glad to see you again."

"And I am very glad to see you," returned Adrian. "I rather wanted to ask you about one or two things connected with the paper. You have been a long time out of town."

"I should have been a good deal longer out of town if I could have consulted my own wishes; but all this"—and he waved his hand toward the table, which was covered with MSS. and proofs—"requires looking into every now and then. I find it a great drag upon me."

It occurred to Adrian that Pilkington probably earned his salary with as little labor as any man living; but he said, "I suppose you must."

"So much so that lately I have sometimes thought that it might be better to give it up."

"I trust you won't do that," said Adrian, quickly. "The whole thing would go to pieces if you withdrew."

"Even so, the world would continue to revolve upon its own axis much as usual, I dare say. But I am not sure that my retirement from the editorship would have so bad an effect upon the paper as you are kind enough to assume. Many people seem to think that Mr. Larkins would replace me very efficiently."

"Larkins would alter the entire character of the paper immediately," said Adrian.

"Oh, no doubt; the question is whether the character of the paper had not better be altered. I won't affect to deny that, so far, it has hardly answered my expectations. It has been an experiment; and, after all, I take it that the pleasure which one derives from making experiments consists chiefly in one's uncertainty as to how they will turn out."

Adrian thought that depended a good deal upon whether one had staked two thousand pounds upon the result or not. "For choice," he remarked, "I prefer the experiments which turn out well."

"So do I," answered Pilkington, smiling blandly; "but 'tis not in mortal to command success. Without too much vanity, we may flatter ourselves that we have deserved it—you and I, at least. You were saying that you had some questions to ask me?"

Adrian would have liked to ask whether the *Anglo-Saxon* was paying its way, and how soon persons who had risked money in the undertaking might expect to receive some return for their investments; but finding it rather difficult to put these inquiries into so many words, he said, "Oh, I don't know that there was anything very particular, after all. I wanted to know, in a general way, how things were going on."

Apparently Mr. Pilkington did not think that this called for any rejoinder from him. He sat silent for a few moments, trimming his nails with a penknife, and then said, "By-the-way, have you seen this week's number of the *Scorpion*?"

"I don't think I have," answered Adrian. "Is there anything special in it?"

"They treat us—or perhaps I ought rather to say you—to a column and a half of abuse. Here it is, if you care to look at it." And he handed Adrian a copy of the paper in question, pointing out the article to which he had alluded.

It was headed *Quis custodiet ipsos Custodes?* and from its opening sentences Adrian learned that the *Anglo-Saxon*, in spite of its failure to command popular support, had, from the outset, afforded a great deal of amusement to its readers. The *Anglo-Saxon* had been thoroughly funny from first to last; but in nothing had the editor shown himself more determined to have his joke than in handing over the critical department to Mr. Adrian Vidal, an author who had produced one bad and one fairly good novel, but who was otherwise unknown to fame. Month after month this very self-satisfied young gentleman had been apportioning praise and censure among the greatest living writers of fiction with a gravity which was about the most comical thing that the spokesman of the *Scorpion* could remember. "But," continued the writer, pulling himself together, as it were, and becoming grave, "there is a point at which incapacity ceases to provoke laughter; and after perusing Mr. Vidal's last effort, which deals with recent French novels, we are inclined to ask whether the time has not come for his removal into some other sphere of usefulness. Of the six works which he has singled out for unreserved commendation, we can only say that we hope never to see any one of them in the hands of an English lady." The works referred to were then discussed as fully as the modesty of the writer would allow. "And these," he concluded, with righteous indignation, "are the pretty stories which Mr. Vidal has the face to recommend for general reading."

"I never did anything of the sort," cried Adrian, throwing down the paper. "I never recommended them for general reading. I said they were admirable as works of art, and so they are. As for their morality, I didn't see that I was called upon to direct attention to that. Everybody knows that French novels must be judged by a standard altogether different from ours, and it would be perfectly ridiculous to begin each review by saying, 'This plot is not one which an English author would have ventured to employ.'"

"Yes, but as a matter of fact, *are* the plots immoral?" asked Pilkington.

"Why, of course they are, in one sense. The writing is not immoral, looking at it as a Frenchman would look."

"We will not be too hard upon Mr. Vidal"—so ran the concluding paragraph. "His taste in literature is peculiar; but we are constrained to admit that its peculiarity is not so great but that a considerable number of so-called decent people share it with him, and we are willing to believe that he is personally as decent as the best of them. He has a right to his taste. But what he has no right to do, in his quality of critic—even though he be but the critic of a serio-comic publication like the *Anglo-Saxon*—is to advise our wives and daughters to read books whose chief aim is to throw contempt upon those domestic and conjugal virtues for which, no doubt, Mr. Vidal's own private life is conspicuous."

It was clear enough to Adrian that the last words must have been written by some one who was not unacquainted with the circumstances of his private life. An enemy had done this thing! "Upon my soul!" he exclaimed aloud, "I believe a thick stick would convey the most suitable rejoinder that could be made to such a fellow."

"I think," said Pilkington, holding up his hand before him, and admiring his carefully trimmed nails through half-closed eyes, "that you had better keep your temper. There is nothing to be gained by responding to challenges of that kind, either with sticks or pens. Besides, your case is not a very good one. You admit that the books were immoral books, and it is certain that you praised them highly."

"I praised what deserved praise in them, and held my tongue about the rest. I never recommended them."

"Praise in a review implies recommendation, as a matter of course. The *Scorpion* is ill-natured and unjust; but, to tell you the truth, Vidal, I think you have been guilty of a slight error in judgment."

This was more than Adrian could stand. "If that is the view you take," he answered, with calm fury, "my engagement on the *Anglo-Saxon* had better come to an end. I can't undertake to review books in such a way as to please the *Scorpion*; and as regards this particular review, there isn't a single word in it which I should wish to alter."

Pilkington contemplated his fingers for another minute or so before he remarked, plaintively, "This it is to be an editor! I believe I may truly say that, since I undertook the *Anglo-Saxon*, I have not made one solitary suggestion, however deferential, that has not been immediately followed by a threat of retirement on the part of the person to whom it has been addressed. Whether the experience of other editors coincides with mine I do not know; but if it does, I think it would be no more than common justice that our memoirs should be added to the next issue of the Lives of Saints."

Some one who had entered the room unobserved during this speech here broke into a short laugh. "All in good time," said he. "I will write the memoir myself, sooner than that it should remain unwritten; but it is impossible to canonize an editor until he or his journal has ceased to exist, and we can't do without our *Anglo-Saxon* yet awhile, much less without our Pilkington."

Pilkington had so much of the magnanimity which belongs to the truly great that many other persons besides Percy Kean might probably have chaffed him with impunity, had they been so minded; but nobody else ever did so. He made a half turn on his chair now, smiling indulgently.

"Ah, Kean," he said, "you are one of the people who know everything. Perhaps you can tell us for what reason the *Scorpion* has thought fit to fall upon us, tooth and nail."

"Of course I can," answered Kean. "For the same reason that dogs delight to bark and bite, and bears and lions growl and fight. In addition to that, the *Scorpion* is a society paper, and thinks you have no business to go poaching on its preserves with your absurd 'Social Scraps.' Personally, I agree with the *Scorpion*."

"Then let it fall foul of Larkins," said Adrian, who was still at white-heat. "It is rather too bad that I am to be accused of all kinds of wickedness because the *Scorpion* has a grudge against a man with whom I have nothing whatsoever to do."

"Oh, the *Scorpion* may have a grudge against you too, for anything that I know to the contrary," returned Kean. "I wouldn't let it get a rise out of me, though."

"That is just what I have been telling him," observed Pilkington; "and because I do so, he threatens to desert me."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Kean, good-naturedly. "*He* won't desert you; nor will I. No; we will never desert Mr. Micawber! Let who will play you false, Vidal and I will remain faithful to the end. Come along, Vidal, and have some lunch. I would ask our illustrious chief to join us, only I know he can't afford to be seen with the likes of me."

And taking Adrian by the arm, he led him out into the street before the latter had time to explain that Mr. Pilkington had not reported quite accurately the words which had prompted his offer of resignation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE.

America is an advanced place for baggage. In Europe they call it luggage, because each individual there is expected to lug his own traps or to hire a porter to lug them. Here the principal transaction connected with the transmission of baggage, so far as the owner knows (except that he occasionally knows that his baggage has been rudely and even disastrously handled), is the passage of a brass check. That brass check is a thing of wonderful potency, considering its size. A traveller receives it in Boston, has only to assure himself occasionally that it is safe in his pocket, and in San Francisco he has simply to present it in order to receive his baggage in such degree of preservation as is reasonable in view of the current habits of American baggage-men. It being so easy for a traveller to take baggage along, it is natural that there should be a great deal of baggage of a comparatively low order of value. It is historical that a traveller without baggage is called upon to pay a hotel-keeper in advance, whereas a traveller with baggage is considered mortgageable, and may stay for a period without paying. For this reason people who have no money occasionally carry trunks that contain only bricks.

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1468.

The whole easy and liberal system of baggage carrying makes it reasonable to think that a great many articles of baggage should be stranded at various points on the railroad in the course of a year. Such is the case. The accumulation is so great that if it were permitted to continue for any length of time the railroad companies would need to build vast warehouses in order to accommodate it. The picture on page 292 illustrates an auction sale of baggage that had accumulated during six months at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in Philadelphia. There were six hundred separate articles or bunches of articles. Such things as canes and umbrellas were done up in bunches, and so sold. Trunks and valises were sold "sight unseen," as children say when conducting a certain form of transaction in jackknives; that is, the examination of the article was not permitted until after purchase. The bidders at such an auction are supposed to be believers in the principle of luck. Of course it is not logical to suppose that the owner of valuable baggage would omit to call for it, provided he was in good health; but it is always possible that a person travelling with a trunk full of diamonds, and having no heirs or other connections who would naturally be concerned, may have left the train and met with a fatal accident, and the bidders bear this fact in mind. In the Philadelphia sale which we illustrate one of the purchasers of a trunk found in it, together with a pair of worn-out overalls and two musty sandwiches, a half-pint bottle containing a colorless liquor which he suspected of being attar of roses, but which proved on investigation to be gin.

MARVIN'S "RUSSIANS AT THE GATES OF HERAT."*

It has taken Russia more than forty years to pass from Orenberg to the boundary of Afghanistan, and almost surround the Caspian with its chain of forts. The progress has been slow; it has not been unnatural. It was foreshadowed in the policy of Peter the Great, who first directed the opening of the naphtha wells of Baku. Central Asia, below the heights of Thibet and Kashgar, may well belong to the owners of the Caspian Sea. It would seem almost as necessary a result as that England should advance in India, or spread its colonies over the southern islands; and wherever Russia has come, it has brought with it a better life for the people than they have ever known before. It has built wells in the desert, planted colonies, restrained the fearful vices of the Turcomans and the Central Asian savages; it has opened railways, extended trade, checked the slave-trade, and brought a real improvement to the wild regions described by Vámbéry, Connolly, Schuyler, and O'Donovan.

No one who has read the story of these and many other brave explorers will regret that the Turcomans are no longer allowed to make their slave hunts in Persia, or even the brutal Afghans to rule over the surrounding waste. Central Asia was a chaos of horrors. There was no hope of any relief. Its people lived and died, according to Vámbéry, in their despair. The Russian advance has been accompanied by many of the untold horrors of war. The Russians have been as barbarous often as the savages with whom they contended. Yet the results of their victories have been a real advance in humanity and civilization. The Caspian, once desolate and dangerous, is filled with fleets of ships and steamers. Baku, the capital of the petroleum trade, is already a fine city. A railroad joins it with the Black Sea. Another extends from the opposite side of the Caspian into the new conquests of the East. Under Russian rule Central Asia is becoming a part of civilization, a new land rich in many of the elements of progress.

One fatal cloud alone overshadows the prospect. Russian ambition threatens the subjection of British India. Russia is purely a military despotism, and its only policy is one of ceaseless conquest. In its present form it is only a huge army, guided by a single will, dangerous to its neighbors, fatal to itself. Its people perish under a grinding taxation; its military leaders live the mad lives of Cæsars and Alexanders. The army is all that flourishes in Russia. Its Skobeleffs and its Komaroffs urge on the course of conquest; already the Russian forces approach the gates of Herat. Mr. Marvin, in his *Russians at the Gates of Herat*, points the danger of British India. From the Caspian to Herat an easy passage opens for the Russian forces, and from Herat to the Indus there is no natural obstacle. From the Volga to the centre of the English power in the East, Herat is the sole defense against the march of a Russian army.

And the Russians, we are told, hope to conquer in Central Asia, the shores of the Black Sea, and Constantinople itself. Their ambition is boundless. They openly avow their design of rousing the British subjects of India to rebellion. "But Russia," said General Skobeleff, a bitter assailant of the English—"Russia does not want India: she wants the Bosporus." A few days or a few weeks may tell us what Russia does want, and whether the violent passions of her military leaders can force the empire into a wild and useless war. So far as her conquests tend to reclaim savage lands and check the spread of barbarism, she may win the support of the wise and humane. No one can object to the policy that has made the Caspian a centre of commerce or planted colonies on the banks of the Oxus. Could Russia only restrain her ambition within the limits of reason, she might take a high rank among the better agencies of the time. If she abandon herself to a mad dream of conquest, she will deserve the distrust of mankind.

For Russia, ruling over the East and threatening all Western Europe, would be the common foe of all free races. It is the happy boast of our times that in nearly all the Western lands men are learning to govern themselves. England is the centre of a continual progress. France is a republic. Even Germany has a popular government; even Spain and Italy are free. Our own Constitution still stands; and knowledge, invention, science, discovery, mark all the nations of the West. To all these Russia would seem in dangerous hostility. Her government is a perfect despotism; her intellect is dead; her military chiefs alone show any signs of mental activity. Her rule is better than that of Turcomans or Afghans, but only a little better. Should she enter upon a career of conquest that would give her a lasting supremacy, civilization would defy her, and the people everywhere recognize their chief foe. And hence it is that Russia at the gates of Herat menaces not England alone, but all free states and governments. It will be well for Russian statesmen to remember that as a despotic power they stand alone.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE ROCKAWAY STEEPLE-CHASE COURSE.

Though as yet in its infancy, the Rockaway Hunt Club and Steeple-chase Association possesses one of the most charming race-courses in the country. Its riders are able to follow the hounds over acres of natural pasture-land, encountering obstacles not only in name but in fact. Very little artificial work has been necessary in arranging the jumps so as to make them sufficiently exciting without being positively dangerous. The grounds are so disposed that all the difficult water jumps and hurdles are within easy view of the grand stand and the broad piazzas of the club-house. The homestretch is about five furlongs straight away, and is almost as level as a ball-room floor.

The Rockaway Hunt was organized in the fall of 1879, with kennels at Lawrence, Long Island. About two years ago it consolidated with the Queens County Hounds, the first pack of drag hounds organized in this country. The present race-course at Cedarhurst, between Lawrence and Far Rockaway, was leased for a long term of years, and a great deal of money was spent in its improvement. The club was composed of several gentlemen with ample means and plenty of leisure, all more or less known in New York society. Last September several members of the club organized themselves into an incorporated association under the name of the Rockaway Steeple-chase Association, with a capital of $35,000, and J. D. Cheever as president. Its members include August Belmont, Jun., F. Gray Griswold, E. C. La Montagne, George Work, E. D. Morgan, N. G. Lorillard, Austin Corbin, J. G. K. Lawrence, Captain William M. Connor, J. G. Beresford, S. S. Sands, Jun., and many others. The principal object of the association is to place steeple-chasing on a good footing in America, to encourage and maintain the sport, and to have horses trained exclusively for it, instead of drawing recruits from broken-down veterans of flat race-courses. The young gentlemen selected as officers and directors of the association were enterprising and energetic, and have already done much to give the sport the same interest here that it has attained in England.

The club-house has been admirably arranged to suit the comfort and convenience of the one hundred and thirty or more members who are entitled to share its privileges. It is fitted out with billiard and card rooms, dining-rooms, sleeping-rooms, and baths. Its verandas, well shaded by trees, are open to the bracing breezes direct from the sea. Far Rockaway and Long Beach may be seen in the distance. On the south side the waters of Hempstead Bay and its numerous little tributaries wind through a vast area of fertile meadow-land. The polo grounds are directly in front of the club-house. The pigeon and lawn-tennis grounds are not far from it. The kennels are large and commodious, arranged so as easily to take care of twenty couples of hounds. They are connected with a master's stable, which has room for twelve horses. Close by are several private stables belonging to members of the club, and the club stables proper. The grand stand, at the right of the club-house, will accommodate several hundred people. It has the double advantage of commanding a view of the entire course and facing the open sea. A railroad carries passengers directly to the spot. The whole course forms a very pretty picture. Men were engaged to lay it out who had learned by experience how to please the eye and at the same time conform to the necessities of comfort and safety. It is remarked by sportsmen that the ground seems naturally designed for the purpose to which it has been devoted. The southern part of the field is undulating, affording ample variety for long and short steeple and hurdle courses. The hurdle races are run over part of the steeple-chase course, avoiding, of course, its permanent obstacles. It is about one mile around the circular course. In the steeple course the run is across the field toward the grand stand in the direction of the more important jumps; then around again, leaving the circular course to the right; returning to the homestretch and the finish through ploughed ground and over other obstacles. The whole distance is about four miles.

The inaugural meeting of the association will begin on Saturday, May 9, continue on Wednesday, May 13, and close on Saturday, May 16. On each day four steeple-chases and one flat race will be run, and on each day a stake race is to be decided. All the well-known horses are entered, and there is promise of exciting sport. Other hunt clubs have expressed a willingness to co-operate with the Rockaway Club in giving steeple-chasing an impetus, and arrangements are in progress for a brilliant season.

THE CANADIAN REBELLION.

The country into which the Canadian soldiers have gone, in an effort to suppress the rebellion which Riel and his followers have begun against the Dominion government, is not a comfortable country to march over, particularly when the snow is there, as it is throughout March and April. Some incidents of the Canadian advance are illustrated on page 296, from sketches furnished by the correspondent with the expedition of the Montreal *Star*. Mr. Thulstrup's picture on page 297 is drawn from illustrations in the Toronto *War News*, which sprang up with the rebellion, and which has shown considerable enterprise in supplying the Canadian public with reports and pictures from the scene of trouble. The march of a battery in the Touchwood Hills, in the region north of Fort Qu'Appelle, and the midnight tramp of the Royal Grenadiers from Red Rock to Nepigon, afford the materials for the picture. In the Touchwood Hills, though the land was found clear in the open, the battery found snow enough whenever the trail penetrated the bush. The gunners assisted the horses in dragging the cannon through the snow, using the stout limbs of trees as levers. Occasionally one of the horses would make a false step and fall, burying himself and his rider in the deep snow at the side of the trail. The battery had gone from Fort Qu'Appelle to join the forces of General Middleton, who had marched ahead. The midnight tramp of the Royal Grenadiers from Red Rock to Nepigon was similarly difficult. "After leaving the cars," says a correspondent, "the battalion paraded in line. A couple of camp fires served to make the darkness visible. All the men were anxious to start, and when the word was given to march it was greeted with cheers. It was impossible to march in fours, therefore an order was given for 'Left turn; quick march.' We turned obedient to the order, but the march was anything but quick. Then into the solemn darkness of the pines and hemlock the column slowly moved, each side being snow four feet deep. It was almost impossible to keep the track, and a misstep buried the unfortunate individual up to his neck. Then it began raining, and for three mortal hours there was a continuous down-pour. The lake was reached at last, to the extreme pleasure of the corps."

The recent engagement between Riel's men and the forces of General Middleton is generally considered in the Northwest as a reverse for the Canadian troops. After the fight, telegraphic communication with General Middleton from Winnipeg was cut off, but it was restored after twenty-four hours. The wires had been cut by the half-breeds. Fears were entertained that General Middleton's little force of 800 men, if it should decide to push on without waiting for re-enforcements, would be led into ambush by the half-breeds and destroyed.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

This story is told of a nephew and namesake of Henry James, the novelist. The nephew is three years of age. Recently Mrs. Trowbridge, of Cambridge, called to see Mrs. James, and not finding her at home, said to the child, "I have no cards with me; do you think you can remember my name, and tell your mamma that Mrs. Trowbridge called to see her?" The child looked her full in the face and replied, "There are so many things in the world that I want to remember and can't, I don't think I shall try to remember a thing that I don't want to."

The sketch published in the Weekly recently showing a colored man pursued by a bull, and entitled "Millions for de fence," calls forth a story from a correspondent in San Antonio, Texas. He says that in a small Texas town a cow-boy was on trial for maliciously shooting a dog. The principal witness for the prosecution, an aged negro, was asked if he had not testified at the preliminary examination that the defendant had shot the dog in self-defense. The old fellow rolled his eyes for a moment as he laboriously searched his memory, and then exclaimed: "Oh no, boss! I testifiied dat he shot de dog in de back, and den jumped de fence."

A Western newspaper uses the following curious expression, seemingly in good faith, in the course of a bit of fine writing: "We bid him cometh and he comes, and we bid him goeth and he goes."

A singularly stupid burglar was caught recently in Philadelphia. Having a wooden leg, he still ventured to walk over a tin roof, and it was the resulting noise that betrayed him. At the police station he whipped a razor out of his pocket and slashed fiercely at the officers who were searching him. The turnkey knocked him down by a blow under the ear, whereupon he cried out: "Don't kill me. I didn't intend to hurt the officers. I was going to commit suicide." "What's your objection to our killing you, then?" retorted the logical turnkey, but the foolish burglar gave him no answer.

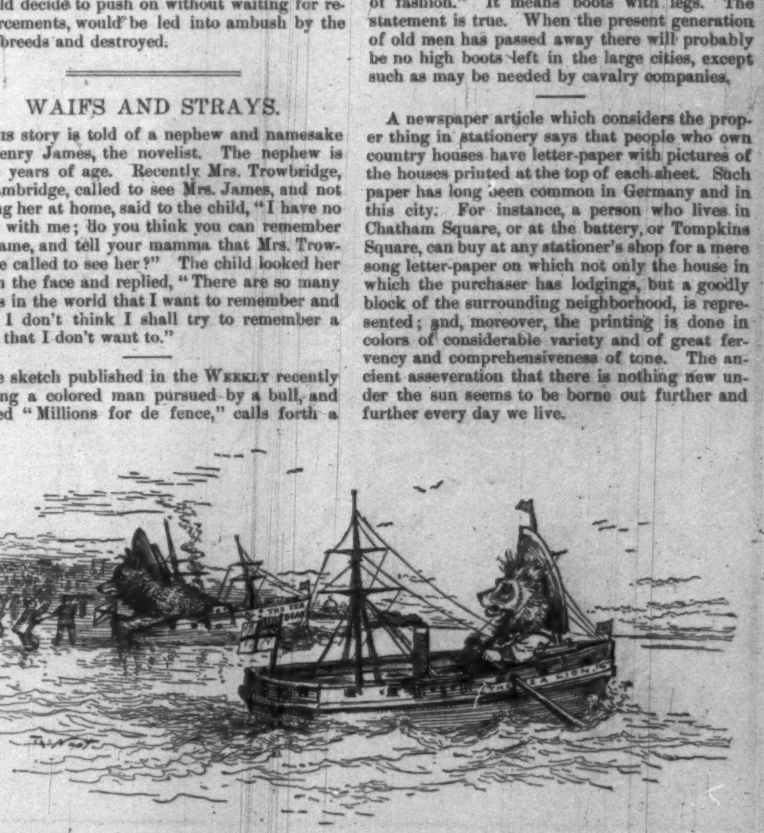
The summer weather which dropped upon us toward the end of April afforded some curious contrasts. At White River Junction, in Vermont, on April 23, the mercury rose to 92° in the shade, while many of the roads in the neighborhood were almost impassable on account of the snow and the mud. On the same day a farmer of Rotterdam, in this State, was sun-struck while working in a field, and died within an hour, and a laborer working on the roof of a freight car at Schenectady was prostrated by the heat, while at the same time there were snow-drifts five feet deep within a few miles of that city.

A West Point cadet, who was formerly at Harvard, writes a letter to the Harvard *Crimson*, in which he says that the discipline enforced at the Academy makes the cadet's lot a very unhappy one, especially in the case of a cadet who has had a year's experience of the gentle and luxurious uses of the Massachusetts university. He enumerates a number of hardships, the greatest of which is attendance at a military funeral in winter. He calls a funeral a bugbear. He says, "A funeral means two hours under arms, and a tramp through the cold and snow to the graveyard, where the volley that does honor to the departed gives us an hour's work cleaning our guns."

While one Harvard man is thus deploring the great hardships of marching to a funeral in the snow, another, writing in the *Crimson*, refers to the enlistment of students of the University of Toronto to fight against Riel, and remarks: "After all, is there anything in our more peaceful lot that is better than what has befallen these men? They will have a chance, at least, for honor, glory, and all that life is supposed to be lived for. And that is more, perhaps, than many of us will have."

An article in a Philadelphia newspaper on the fashions in men's foot-gear contains the statement that "boots have been gradually going out of fashion." It means boots with legs. The statement is true. When the present generation of old men has passed away there will probably be no high boots left in the large cities, except such as may be needed by cavalry companies.

A newspaper article which considers the proper thing in stationery says that people who own country houses have letter-paper with pictures of the houses printed at the top of each sheet. Such paper has long been common in Germany and in this city. For instance, a person who lives in Chatham Square, or at the battery, or Tompkins Square, can buy at any stationer's shop for a mere song letter-paper on which not only the house in which the purchaser has lodgings, but a goodly block of the surrounding neighborhood, is represented; and, moreover, the printing is done in colors of considerable variety and of great fervency and comprehensiveness of tone. The ancient asseveration that there is nothing new under the sun seems to be borne out further and further every day we live.



WE DON'T BLAME HIM.

"Norfolk, Virginia, *April* 27.—The British man-of-war *Garnet*, which followed the Russian corvette *Strelok* into this port, dropped down to Hampton Roads this morning. The belief is that Captain Hand left Norfolk to escape newspaper reporters and special correspondents."

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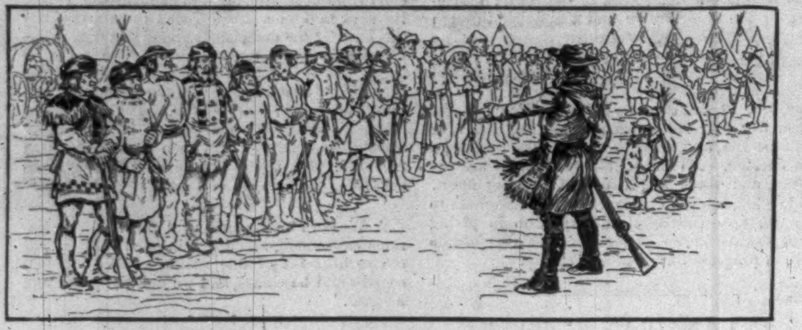
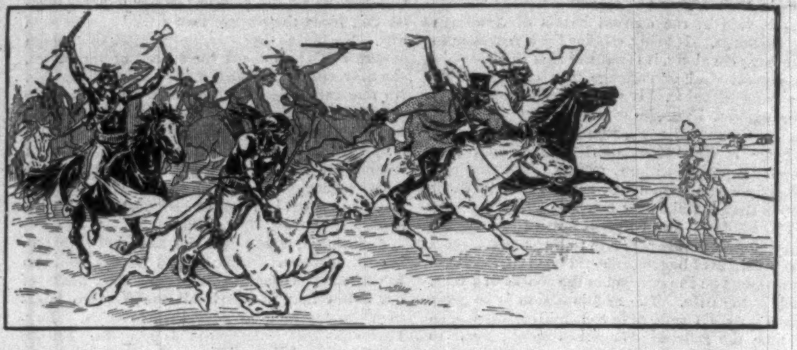
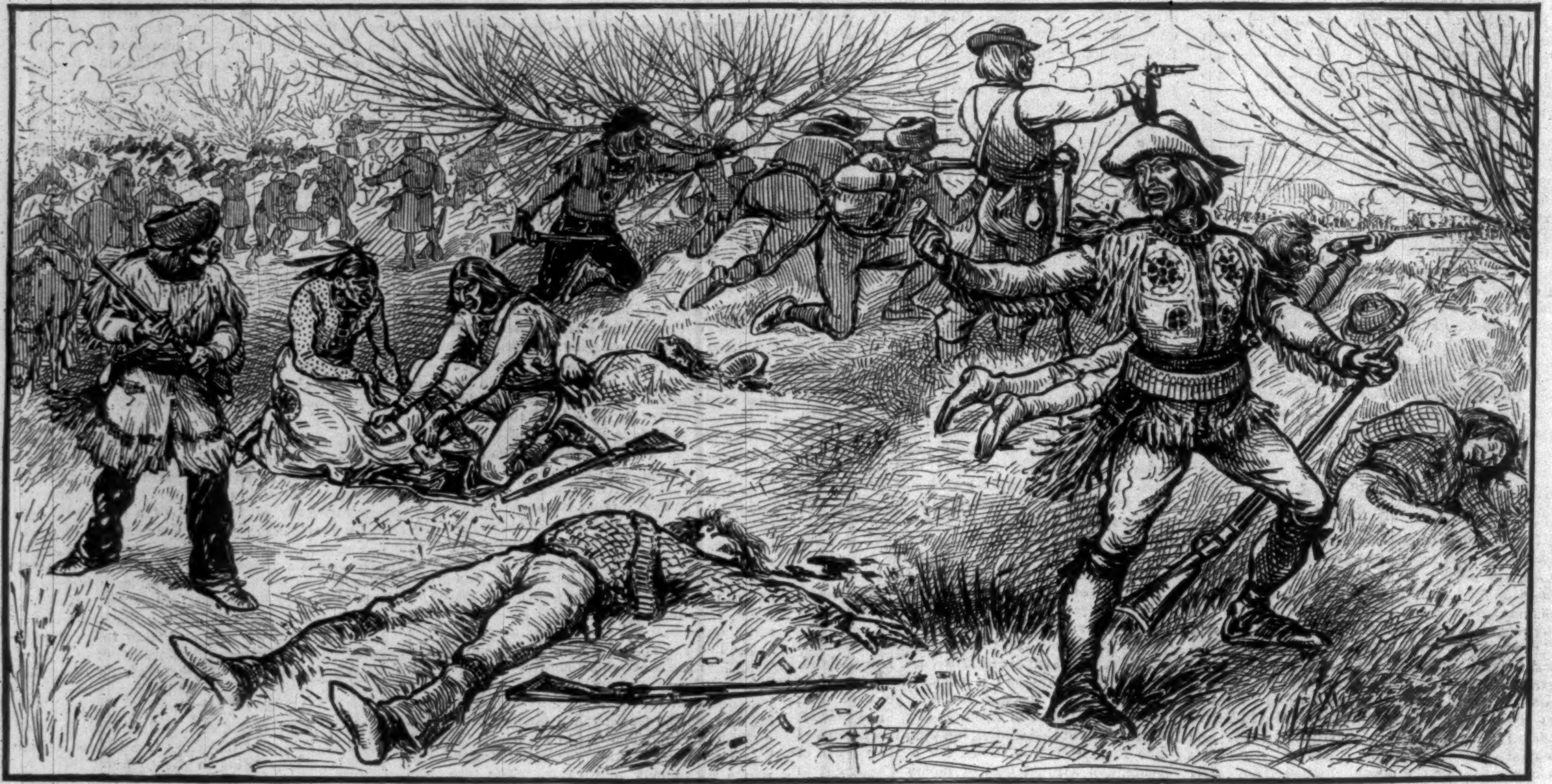
* *The Russians at the Gates of Herat.* By Charles Marvin, Author of "The Russian Advance toward India," "Merv, the Queen of the World," "Reconnoitering Central Asia," etc. With Three Maps and Twenty-eight Illustrations. Harper's "Franklin Square Library." Price, 20 cents.



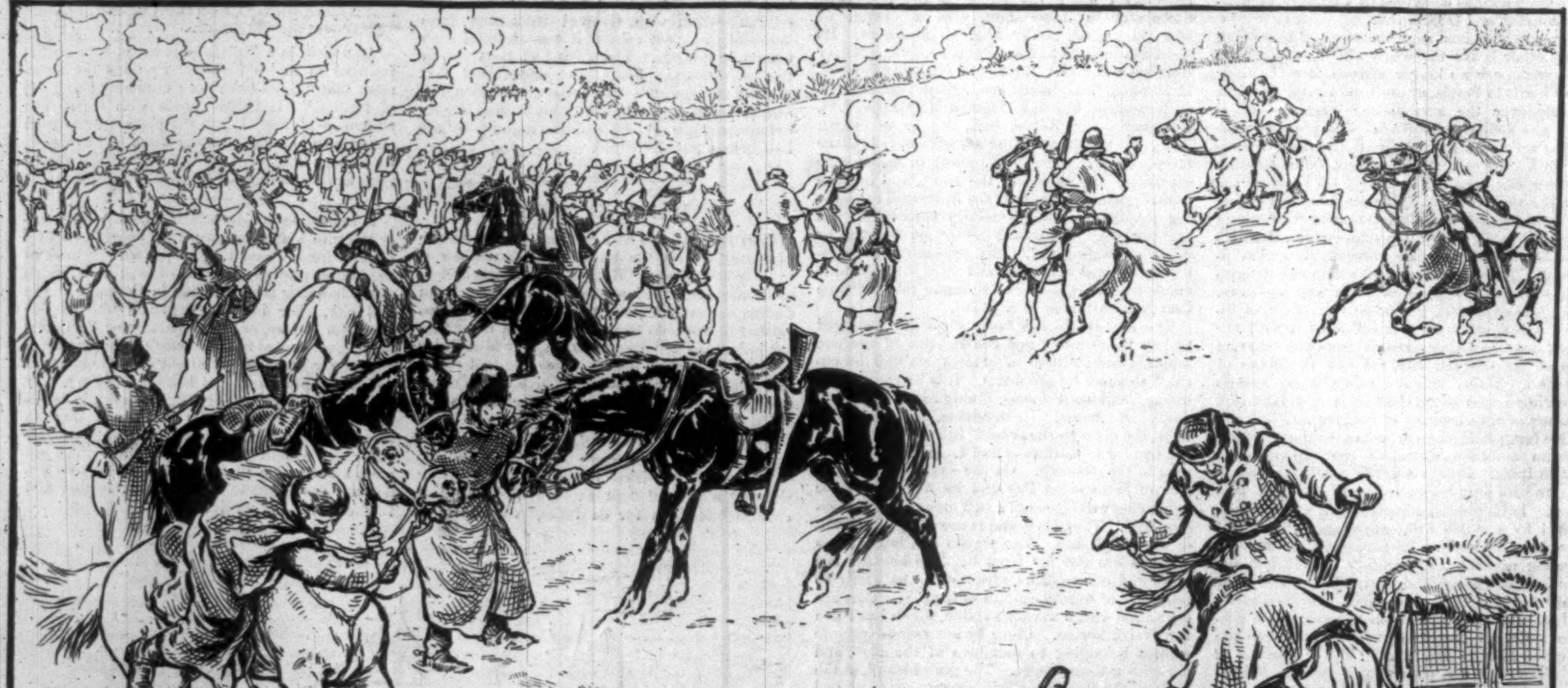
DUMONT, RIEL'S LIEUTENANT, HARANGUING A DETACHMENT OF REBELS.



THE PURSUIT OF APPLEGARTH BY THE INDIANS.

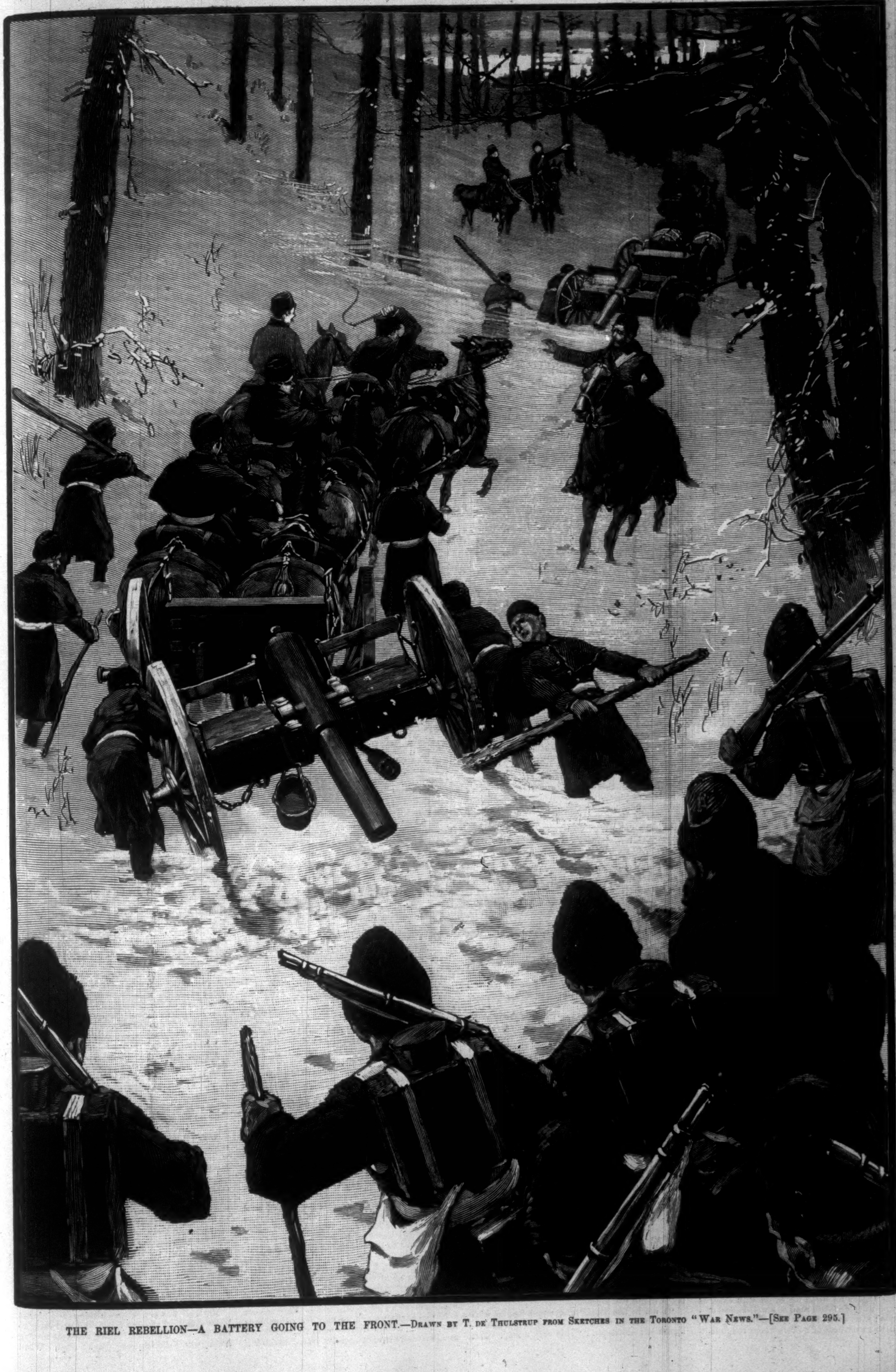


THE FIGHT AT DUCK LAKE.



THE FISH LAKE FIGHT—REBELS UNDER DUMONT FIRING ON MIDDLETON'S ADVANCE.

THE RIEL REBELLION.—Fac-similes of Sketches furnished to the Montreal "Star" by a Member of the Expedition.—[See Page 295.]



THE RIEL REBELLION—A BATTERY GOING TO THE FRONT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Sketches in the Toronto "War News."—[See Page 295.]

TWO HELENS.

On the green earth and the blue waters of the Sound, on glaring wooden hotel, bizarre cottages, and gayly colored pavilions, on smooth-cut lawns and dazzling slopes of conservatories, out of the open doors of which pushed clouds of perfume and burst floods of color, on distant motionless sails and distant motionless forests, fell the mellow light and heat of a July morning's sun. So quickly and boldly had the day come on that the little breezes, strayed children of the night, had lost their wits in despair of finding shelter, and moved now only in aimless curves, as we might imagine birds would fly over an expanse of flame. Away out on the water tiny ripples were the footsteps of other breezes; but they too were faint, and could never pass the airy line which divided them from shore.

From the contrasted shadow of a little room in the glaring wooden hotel a pale-faced young man looked out across a wide drive and lawn, and rested his eyes on a graceful structure of wood and brick and stone which caught geometrical shadows in its angles, and sheltered the half ellipse of its piazza behind a cylinder of Venetian blinds. In its stillness, and with the broad unchanging sunlight shining upon it, it had an unreal look, like an executed problem in shade, shadow, and perspective. When a young lady issued from the cottage the problem rose to the dignity of a painting. She stood as an artist might have posed her, the light falling on her face and the hem of her dress. Then she unfurled a parasol, and added its scarlet to the fields of color that surrounded her. It was a painting, but a painting by that wizard the sun, who as easily struck a myriad transparent, gorgeous colors from wall and turf and flowers and dainty robes and rosy cheeks as at dawn he kisses green meadows or turns pale streams to gold. To the young man in the gloomy room it seemed an unreal world, and as well, he thought, it might have been, for it was a world he could not enter.

Presently, as he continued his wistful gaze, another young lady came forth, and the two took their way down the walk to a miniature cottage on the shore.

When they had passed from sight, the young man returned to his place at a littered table. Evidently, if we might allow ourselves to glance over his shoulder, he was not this morning in the proper mood for the writing upon which he was engaged. Thus far he had put down simply the number of the chapter. The number was twenty, and in this day, in America at least, that indicates a near approach to the end.

The troubled author took up the pen again, and was vexed to find, after writing "Helen Estair" at the beginning of the first line, that in his disturbed state he could go no further. He carried his pen from the confusing paper to the friendly blotter—not so particular as to what it receives. There he wrote "Helen," then "Helen King" (no longer Estair), then Helens innumerable, and after each word he raised his head to look through the window in front, down upon the shining slates of the bath-house roof.

When he had run down the blotter, one of the young ladies re-appeared, and the writer who could not write drew his chair to the window, rested his arms on the sill, and looked at her, not as a stranger, not as a lover, but rather with the look with which a flower-lover regards his flowers, feeling that they can never know of nor return his admiration. Curiously enough, too, the name that hung upon the gazer's lips was the name that had fallen so naturally from his pen. Helen Estair of the story was Helen King, who now, in modish bathing suit, stood on the sand waiting for her companion. It was very simple. Andrew Rowan, unknown writer, had met her the winter before, introduced at some party by a friend of college days. He was too poor in purse, and, again, too humbly proud of spirit, to appear often in such society, but he had not forgotten Helen. Days after, he was turning over in his mind what her life had been, what it was, what it would be in time to come. Then when he thought he had divined the fashion of her mind and the mould of her existence, he began a story of her. What he thought this life to be appears from the work he set himself: to show how, with the most enviable circumstances of wealth and social rank, life might be as narrow as where poverty and neglect are most repressive. He believed that Helen's natural feelings had been so long forced back that she now obeyed, not impulses, but rules. It was part of his curious study to determine where in such a life the emotions would enter; above all, how such a life would be affected by love. When writing the first chapters he was ready to show that love would make scarcely an impression. She would receive it merely as a fashion. Having the key to all doors, she opened, with grave importance, only those behind which there was nothing. She was wholly artificial, innocently, unaffectedly, and therefore completely. Rowan had many figures to picture Helen's life, and one of them he formed into the title of his story, "In Golden Cogs."

Altogether it was a pretty, dainty study he set himself, and when he took the first pages to a magazine, their freshness, feeling, and a sort of delicate mystery with which he had enshrouded Helen Estair's future made the work appreciated.

He began to write with the interest simply of a careful artist. But who does not know how novelists fall in love with their heroines? Did they not, fiction would be no truer than history. In short, this bold young man, attempting presumptuously, if not with ridiculous gravity, to read a lesson to certain classes on their disregard for nature, came to love the exponent of the offense. Before he loved he wrote with ease, as one who travels a plain road to a well-known destination; afterward his way was more delightful, but it was over beds of flowers where rough footsteps should never come. Once it had been a pleasure to picture Helen's graces; a sweet, idle labor to choose half a dozen shades which together should imitate her blue eyes; to describe her toilets, the morning dresses she wore so prettily, the dinner gowns she carried so easily, the ball dresses which clung to the full mould of her shoulders, and needed no other support. Now he regretted his free description, as one who should break into a temple, publish its secrets, and afterward become its priest.

Rowan's love and respect were the more generous because they were without return. Helen and the people among whom she lived had no thought for him. His sole kingdom in this pleasure-land was his gloomy room; his only subject, his only equal, himself. The very guests of the hotel—such people are usually of democratic mind—and even those of the more democratic sex, completely ignored him. As for the cottagers, should he spend ten summers among them they would still assert a proud ignorance of his name.

Americans in Western summer resorts, and in those of New England, are courteous and of easy access; but the inheritors of feudal castles could not have been more chilling in their reserve than the tenants of cottages upon this shore. They used the word "tradesman" with a certain emphasis, as if it were a trade-mark on the language of lofty rank; they swore royally "by Jove," and by bold openness of manner overawed and confused the envious mind which should hint such slanders as that "tradesmen" were their ancestors, and that Jove, as a Lar, had but recently displaced so vulgar a deity as "Jiminy Cricket."

In such a foolish, exaggerated despair as the reader may imagine, Rowan sat at his window and contemplated Helen and her friend, who now stepped into a pretty little boat of natural-colored hemlock, and pushed out. Across the hot silence he was able to gather, from the young ladies' staccato conversation that they were bent on adventure. When they had splashed their way out a hundred yards the scheme of the adventure became apparent, for Helen, feigning herself the surprised victim of some impossible disaster, fell from the boat into deep water. Then she swam back, and while her friend balanced the little craft, climbed in again.

For a mere creature of art and convention, as Rowan represented her, Helen's delight in this simple amusement was wonderfully free and unreserved.

"Now, Maud," she cried, shaking the water from her oilskin cap, and making a feminine examination of that brazen helmet's likeness to find if her hair had escaped—"now, Maud, don't be a coward; just see what you will do when they 'jibe' the yacht over some time."

Thus prompted, Maud fell overboard, but she was particularly careful to cling to the boat, and it was in a very pusillanimous state of mind that she was ultimately rescued by her more courageous friend. This sport continued for a few moments, when Maud, in a fit of timidity's boldness, again plunged overboard. Unfortunately, Helen went off the stern at the same instant. The two forces sent the boat to some distance, and when Maud, after what seemed to her the longest period of time she had ever marked, regained the surface, she became frightened. Naturally in this pass she adopted the only course likely to produce a fatal result; that is, she lost her discretion, tried to call out, strangled herself breathing in water, threw up her hands, and sank. Helen, as unhesitatingly and boldly as a fisher-maid, hastened to her friend's assistance, caught in a strong grasp the disappearing locks of hair, and with one effort drew herself to the boat. With the double weight to support, she could cling there only for a short time. She looked to the shore; there was no one in sight; but she collected her voice and called for help.

Until he heard that cry Rowan was unaware that what he saw was other than part of the sport. Now for his life, or something dearer, he sprang from his room, rushed down the flights of stairs, gained the beach, and throwing off his coat as he ran over the sand and shallow, dashed in at his depth. Helen called no more, but her eyes met his over the level water.

"Splendid!" he said, encouragingly, as he came near. A moment after, and feeling that he had achieved the happiness of his life, he relieved Helen of her unconscious burden, and the danger was over.

The problem now was to climb into the boat—a more difficult matter than one without experience would imagine. There was no one apparently within call. The gentlemen from the hotel and cottages were all away taking part in or following a yacht race on the Sound. The young man's exclusion, then, had borne some good fruit. To Helen and her friend a timely rescue; to himself the opportunity for which he would most have prayed—being alone with Helen, and placing himself between her and danger. He was disappointed to find that Helen could not enter the boat first; but this being impossible, he mounted himself, clasped her hand, pink from the water, and drew her in. Maud being lifted to a place in the stern, Helen supported her, while the happy hero took the oars and rowed in to shore. From there he carried Maud in his arms to the cottage; and as, all dripping from his immersion, and followed by Helen and her mother, he ascended the polished stairs to the second story, the affair seemed almost a tragedy. A servant was dispatched for a physician, and the young man, having done what lay in his power, was about to retire. Helen followed him to the door.

"Charles," she said to the butler, who stood in the hall, "take care of this gentleman—good care of him—the next room; and, Mr. Rowan, we will try to thank you afterward."

"I am at the hotel," interrupted Rowan, with an embarrassed thrill of pleasure to find she remembered his name. "It is only a step. You are very kind. If I may advise"—where is the lover who does not wish to advise?—"if you will take a little brandy—"

"Indeed I will; and that is something I can do for you. Charles, take a decanter and go with Mr. Rowan to the hotel. See if there isn't something you can do for him."

With this and a kind nod she vanished.

Andrew Rowan, humble writer, poor gentleman, hopeless lover, needed not the brandy to exhilarate him, but following masculine custom, he took it; and when he was again dryly clad, he sat down with the last number of the magazine to see what he had said of Helen.

He had given her a true, honest heart, a refined and gentle mind. But he wrote: "She was one of those who reject a lover as they reject an unfashionable garment: they think it is taste which dislikes the garment, heart which dislikes the lover; but both are denied by mere rules, and so decisively that to real taste and real hearts there is no appeal."

These were the words Rowan opened upon. They were like a calm voice speaking bare truth to one in a passion. His exhilaration vanished. He said to himself: "I will write the story as I began it. She shall still be the best of women; but when Nathan Bolivar"—himself—"proposes (he is more short-sighted than I), he will learn what I have always known."

Shortly after lunch, gazing out of the gloom—always toward the cottage—Rowan saw Helen on the broad piazza. The Venetian blinds next to the hotel were up, but she had come so far to the front as to be visible. She ran down on the turf, plucked some leaves of a foliage plant, glanced almost at the hotel (quite, indeed, but as if she had not a thought in the world), and then, returning to the piazza, brought forward a great chair, sat down, and carelessly arranged the plundered leaves, while with intermittent attention she read from an unusually well-behaved magazine which consented to lie open on her lap.

What more natural than that, as soon as might be, Rowan should be advancing toward her up the broad walk? When the gate swung with its peculiar creak, Helen looked up and smiled on her visitor; and if that first smile left her face as he approached, it was only to make way for a warmer one. She arose, too, and came to the steps to greet him. She gave him the pretty hand he had clasped in the morning, and, in short, seemed to welcome him quite as warmly as if he had been a knight of tennis-cap helmet and white flannel armor.

Rowan was very fierce and strict with himself as he took the seat she gave him. It was a matter of duty, apparently, that he should remove it to the limit of speaking distance.

"I hope you are not very much the worse for our foolish play this morning?"

"Better—" and he stopped, afraid that he was losing himself in the labyrinth of an awkward compliment. "How does Miss—your friend find herself?"

"Very well; she is resting. By evening she will be completely recovered. But now, tell me—"

What can a pretty girl say more flattering than, "Now, tell me"?

"Tell me how you happened to see us. Or did you hear that terrible shriek I gave?"

Rowan blushed. "I heard you call, but I had been looking at you from my window."

Then Helen (obeying some rule, of course) blushed too. "It was fortunate that somebody was interested in us. Did you remember me from last winter, or did you regard us as two unknown simpletons bent on spoiling your morning?"

"I remembered you very well, or I shouldn't have been looking from my window."

"It was terrible of us not to do more for you afterward. We will thank you every day now to make up. I was very sorry to see you going away to that dreary hotel. I took the brandy as you directed."

"Did you? And I took the brandy as you directed."

"I am afraid that men need very little persuasion."

"But really the brandy was best for you."

"I know it. I paid no attention to what the doctor said. He was going to make an invalid of me for the whole day. I relied on you. I thought it would be very ungrateful, after you had brought me through so well to that point, not to follow the rest of your directions. What do you think of your patient's progress? Will you permit me to read?"

This question was likely to lead to embarrassing results, for the magazine in Helen's lap lay open, as Rowan had been from the first aware, at his own story.

"Such a curious story," Helen went on, fluttering the leaves, "and a curious name—'In Golden Cogs.' Are you reading it?"

Andrew bowed. It was all he could do.

"What do you think of it? Bright and clever, of course?"

He shook his head.

"Impressive?"

"It has made a great impression on me."

"How?"

"By its truth." Then, as Helen seemed about to turn to something else, he asked, in sheer desperation, "How has it impressed you?"

"Not by its truth at all. If I were as I used to be, the story would have made me positively shiver. I would have said; 'Here is this perfectly lovely girl throwing herself away. When I looked ahead to the last chapter, where she is to marry one of those young men who are taught to care for nothing, I should have pitied her from the bottom of my heart. But now I am quite proof. Disagreeable novels are meant to be disagreeable: like *Paul and Virginia*. The authors want to make an impression on us. They are not able to delight us, and so they try to make us miserable. I don't trouble myself about Helen. She must take care of herself. But I do think if they make her unhappy it's a shame." Helen King was not so entirely proof as she thought. "If they would let her alone I presume she could make as good a choice as if she were one of these dear delightful peasant girls. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know."

"You remember it is only a story, and don't care?"

"I do care more than—"

"Then you will be sorry for her if she keeps those beautiful eyes closed to what the world might give her?"

"I don't think she would thank me for my pity. If she pleases herself, there is nothing for me to say."

"But she will not please herself. She is used to a certain life, and goes on without thought. That's what the title means. Finally she will marry somebody that every one except herself approves, and make a dreadful warning to people. There is no one else for her in the story except that poor young man, who comes in like—I don't know what. I wonder if you guessed it."

"What?"

"That he is in love with the heroine."

"I—I think he is."

"But he will never tell her."

"No."

"Oh! isn't it stupid of him!" Helen was very impatient with the faint-hearted lover.

"But suppose he should tell her? She has hardly in her life heard a natural sentiment. She would not understand his earnestness; it would seem strange and uncouth to her. Do you think she would listen to him, when he had nothing but this disagreeable earnestness to recommend him?"

"I am afraid not," said Helen, slowly. "But I wish he would make the trial. Then, if she is so silly and unnatural as you suppose she is, I would give all my pity to the young man, and think no more of her."

When Rowan's call ended, he returned to the hotel and finished at one sitting the next pages of his story. In them, there is no need to say, Helen appeared more lovable than before.

In what Rowan wrote now there was nothing of himself; it was only a rhapsody on Helen—a love-letter which hard fortune made him address to the world at large. It was all he had, this writing. When the story was done, Helen, except as a memory, would pass from his life. He caressed her image as if it were the reality. He glanced from his window to where she still sat on the piazza, and once he started up with the wild project of rushing to her side and pouring out his passion. After all, she was but a woman. At least he could tell her of his esteem. Is life so long or so secure that full hearts must wait the fittest time? One would think so. Your friend will never tell you that he loves you; least of all will he tell you why. Sometimes he would like to, but he is waiting. Neither will you confess to him. Fifty years hence you may change. Then you will write in your diary, or your friend will write in *his* diary, "He was a good man: it is a bitter world."

So Rowan sat in his place, and the modest, generous words which Helen's character had called up were unspoken. She might have blushed at them and thought them strange, but she was generous, and would have understood. She had no vanity to distort a gentle word before it came to be passed upon by her gratitude.

That evening, when the yachtsmen returned, Helen's father did not delay in calling at the hotel. For a representative of convention and snobbery he was certainly very cordial, and he was as simple in his cordiality as the simplest of shepherds, besides being much more intelligible. He had known of Rowan's father, and last winter he had heard Helen speak of Rowan the younger. He asked him to dinner the next day. "Helen and her friend will be fully recovered by that time, thanks to you. No doubt they would like to have their lives saved every day." He had always longed for an opportunity to save a pretty girl's life—never had had it. Probably if a chance came now, the girl would prefer to be rescued by a younger man. He gave it as his opinion that girls had their preferences; unhappily he had found it so.

Rowan was not able to answer very well, but he was grateful for the kindness. He thought there could be nobody more agreeable than a gentleman of the old school. Unfortunately he was obliged to decline the invitation to dinner; he must return to the city.

"But of course you are coming back?"

"In two weeks."

"Then make the dinner two weeks from today."

This was agreed to, and the old gentleman rose to go; but it was not until he had shaken the young man's hand as long as politeness required, then as long as gratitude could be expressed, and then for some moments from sheer good-will, that he finally took his leave.

When Rowan returned from the city he brought the new number of the magazine containing his last writing. The pages were uncut. The words were for Helen, and they were almost what he would have said to her that last day. He liked to think that in that copy, at least, she would be the first to see them. When she cut the leaves, it would be like opening a letter. He thought—foolishly, he knew—that if she admired the fictitious heroine, he would find some means of telling her that she had been the model. Perhaps he might say the author had confessed it to him.

More than an hour before the dinner engagement required he took his way to the cottage. He was not a little shamefaced to start out thus early, but it was to be his last sight of Helen, and he could not turn back.

Mr. King was not yet in—a thing certainly not to be wondered at—but Helen was, and ready to receive him. She came rustling down the turning stairs, with little leaps on the landings. When she entered she gave Rowan her hand as frankly, if not as simply, as if he had been an old friend of the house, and from some cause she seemed more gay and, in a hap-hazard way, more animated than he had ever seen her.

A newspaper she had brought with her she half raised, as if to make it the subject of remark, when her eyes fell on Rowan's magazine.

"How thoughtful! The last number of the story. Did you bring it to me? But what am I asking?"

"Indeed I did." And he gave it to her.

"Now sit down. I have been so stupid. But we can have a visit before dinner. Did I say thank you for the magazine?"

Rowan feared that she would postpone even a glance at the story until after his departure; but he need have feared nothing. There had suddenly sprung up between them a certain understanding which allowed Helen to follow her own wishes, and yet know she could give no offense.

Without a word further, she bent her eyes on the story. There was employment enough for Rowan in contemplating her. From time to time Helen looked up and smiled, but in the smiles there were so many components that Rowan knew not what they meant, except that they made him happy. At last there was a longer uninterrupted period over the reading, and Helen paused. When she looked up, the rose-color ran over her face, and seemed to be reflected from her eyes in a soft and gentle light.

"I will finish it at some other time." She closed the book, with her fingers between the leaves, and looked at nothing.

"I have something in turn for you," she said when she roused herself. She lightly unfolded the paper, and Rowan took his place by her chair while she pointed out a paragraph:

"It is said that the author of 'In Golden Cogs,' now appearing in the ——, is Andrew Rowan of this city."

Long after he must have finished reading it, Rowan was silent, and Helen, in an oppressed way, was silent too. At last she turned her face up to his as he stood over her. She was about to say only, "How clever you must be!" but the words were not her thoughts, and refused to be spoken. She drew her fingers over the little paragraph, once, twice, a dozen times, and the action could be only a caressing one. Why did not Rowan break the pause? Why did time stop and leave her thus? And not only had time stopped, but something within herself as well. She rose with a hopeless thought of retiring to the window; while she sat under Rowan's eyes, and so near him, every movement revealed some feeling which instinct strove to conceal; but when she had taken the first step, it seemed the most unnatural and unwished-for action of her life.

She turned back, just for an instant, she believed, and gathered strength to say, "I have found out your secret."

"Not all of it. You did not know that it was yourself."

More than ever she knew her danger, but how could she help it?—at the very instant when she thought only of escape, she turned to Rowan, and all her life started from her swimming eyes. What could she see then or know? What could he? Nothing but each other. The world had fled away.

Then she confessed to herself what the spell had been, and had glory in it and not shame. The oppression from which she had sought to escape was gone, and forever she should know it no more. She looked into her lover's face; it was as flushed as her own. There was but one thought in it, the one thought that Helen would now always look to see. Words were vain, for words came in long after the world learned to express itself in other ways. She laid her head on his shoulder a moment, and the eyes which had been so troubled relieved themselves in tears.

WILLISTON FISH.

A POSSIBLE NAVAL DUEL.

DUELS between war-ships have occurred occasionally where they could be witnessed by many spectators who took no part in the battle. The fight between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, in 1813, just outside of Boston Harbor, was seen by a multitude of people, who lined the neighboring hills; and the last fight of the *Alabama*, made against the *Kearsarge*, in the war of the rebellion, was witnessed by a host of people, who sailed out of the neighboring harbor of Cherbourg in yachts. For some days recently the British ship *Garnet* lay in close proximity to the Russian corvette *Strelok* in the harbor at Norfolk, Virginia, and people thought that, in view of the likelihood of a declaration of war between England and Russia any day, another chance of witnessing a naval duel might be afforded in American waters.

The *Garnet* was built at Chatham in 1872. She is 260 feet long, 44 feet beam, and draws 19 feet of water. She is iron-plated above the water's edge. She carries twelve 64-pound muzzle-loaders—five broadside guns on each side, and a bow and a stern chaser—four Nordenfelt guns of four barrels each, and two Gardners. The guns last named, according to a report in the Norfolk *Virginian*, can discharge 2000 rifle cartridges in five minutes, and are for use against torpedo-boats. The *Garnet* can make thirteen miles an hour. She carries 231 men.

The *Strelok* was built at St. Petersburg in 1880. She is 226 feet long and 42 feet beam. She carries twelve breech-loaders, four of them of five-inch calibre, and 170 men, and has a torpedo battery which is effective at 800 yards.

The *Garnet* is commanded by Captain HAND, who is forty-eight years old, and has served in the navy for thirty-four years, going through all the grades from midshipman. The commander of the *Strelok* is Captain SKRYDLOFF, a younger man than Captain HAND. He won his promotion through bravery in working with torpedoes against Turkish vessels in the Danube.

The officers of both vessels were hospitably treated in Norfolk, and the two captains were very friendly with each other, and dined together several times. Only the captain and one or two of the other officers of the *Strelok* speak English. There is a piano on the corvette, which at Norfolk was kept going all day long. The British vessel has a school-master and a chaplain.

The *Strelok* ran out of Norfolk Harbor at one o'clock on the morning of April 29, and passed under the guns of the *Garnet*, going as quietly as possible and showing no lights. On the following morning she appeared in the harbor of New York. At three o'clock in the morning of May 1, the *Garnet* in turn steamed out of Norfolk, bound for New York Harbor, where she arrived on the evening of the 2d.

THE COTTON EXCHANGE.

THE New York Cotton Exchange was started in 1870, and has been very prosperous in the fifteen years of its existence. The new Exchange Building which it dedicated on April 30 was fully described and illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 15, 1884. It cost half a million dollars, and stands on ground which cost nearly as much again. On the day named the cotton brokers marched from their old building in Hanover Square into the new one at William and Beaver streets. They assembled in the old building in the morning, and President S. GRUNER introduced Mr. JAMES F. WENMAN, one of the first presidents of the Exchange, who delivered a valedictory address. At the conclusion of the address GILMORE's band played "Auld Lang Syne," the members joining in the chorus. They then formed in procession, and marched to the new building. They wore badges made of cotton balls tied with ribbons. In the new building the trading room, a commodious hall, was enlivened by flowers and bunting. Assistant Bishop POTTER opened the ceremonies with prayer, after which Mr. WALTER T. MILLER, chairman of the Building Committee, presented the building to President GRUNER, handing to him a large bunch of keys. President GRUNER, in the course of his address, said that the membership of the Exchange had increased from 100 at the beginning to 465 at the time of removal into the new building. The Hon. ABRAM S. HEWITT, Mayor GRACE, Mayor LOW of Brooklyn, and representatives of other exchanges also made addresses.

"CLOSE WORK."

WITH each succeeding exhibition the careful and admirably drawn studies of dogs which are contributed by Mr. JOHN W. TRACY attract more and more attention. Mr. TRACY has shown remarkable devotion to the branch of art in which he has attained such distinction, and is as exacting in his pursuit of it as BARYE was in his interminable contemplation of the lions and tigers of the Jardin des Plantes. His large canvas showing two pointers at close quarters with a partridge, which is shown in the Prize Fund Exhibition of the American Art Association, and of which an engraving is given on page 301, is one of his best works, and both in a purely artistic sense as well as in such details as commend it to sportsmen, is a very interesting and effective picture.

TAKING SANCTUARY IN PERSIA.

IN the centre of the town of Teheran is a large square; it is called the Square of the Gun. A huge piece of ordnance gives its name to the place. Clustered round it are a group of weary-looking men. They are murderers, safe for the time being from the law, safe (generally) even from the avenger of blood; the place is *bast*, or sanctuary. Under the shadow or within touch of this gun the murderer, even the traitor, is safe. Let him once leave this refuge, if only for a few yards, and the criminal will fall into the hands of the law, or the clutch of the avenger of blood. For in Persia the murderer has not so much to fear the laws of his country as the vengeance, legal or otherwise, of his victim's relatives. Blood has a price, and that price must be paid, or the criminal must be prepared to shed his own. The price is not arbitrary; it is fixed at so much for a freed man, another price for a woman, another for a slave. Nominally, and according to the religious law, even the hairs of a man's beard have a price (in camels) if extracted by violence.

So much for a tooth, so much for an eye, so much for each drop of blood; finally, so much for a life. And if the guilty person can not pay this price, then his own life is at the mercy of the victim's relatives. Such is the law. But it is a point of honor with the relatives of a murdered man not to take money if possible, but to exact their right. Hence arise "blood feuds." These are principally observed in the south of Persia. There, where every man is armed to the teeth, blood feuds are common. "I must leave you here, sahib," exclaims your guide, quite as a matter of course; "I have a blood feud with the next village, and my life is not safe beyond this point." Sometimes these "blood feuds" remain unavenged for many years, the guilty man wisely keeping out of the reach of the avenger of blood by remaining in a village where the other dare not show his face on account of the Nemesis awaiting him also in that particular district. Time sometimes, though rarely, heals these feuds. A man gets tired of being hunted, of feeling that he may be shot or stabbed or poisoned at any moment, and he compromises: he gives the family of his victim a horse, or money, or so many bags of dates, or perhaps even his daughter in marriage. Or perhaps a youth of twenty will shoot down an aged man, the murderer of his grandfather, whom perhaps he has never seen, and fleeing to the arms of his delighted mother, will exclaim, "I have avenged our blood!" thus bringing a "blood feud" on his own head. These are some of the results of the universal practice in the south of Persia of carrying arms. It must be remembered, too, that the murderer in these cases is not looked upon with horror: he is simply a man who has done his duty.

The gun is "sanctuary" as an appanage of the Shah himself. So is his stable; the heel-ropes of his horses give impunity to the criminal who holds them; so does the tail of the royal steed, even though the Shah himself be riding him. And the power of giving sanctuary as an appanage of rank is shared by the king's sons and uncles and provincial governors. The Shah and the grandees we have named would be the last to break the right of sanctuary, for in doing it they would commit an impious act. But the "sanctuary" of the royal stable, the gun, etc., has its drawbacks. A criminal may fall into the hands of justice without the rights of sanctuary being actually interfered with. The royal grooms may be forbidden to give him food or water, or may decline to do so; or his relatives may not be allowed to approach him, and so he may be starved into surrender; or the horse, irritated at finding his tail grasped, may by a kick or breaking into a gallop deliver the offender into the hands of his pursuers.

The principal sanctuaries where a criminal is really safe are the holy shrines of Persia, the tombs of saints and the place of pilgrimage, and some mosques; also, to a lesser degree, in the houses of great moollahs and of holy men.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

COMING TO SPECTACLES.

BY the time we reach the age of forty about one-half of us begin to require some aid from glasses. But how many of us at first resent that aid! By no means all who need glasses use them. People who take rational care of the rest of their bodies are apt to put off the evil day, as they regard it, of spectacles as long as possible. It is a mistake to do so, for when at last they have to fall into line with the wearers of glasses they have suffered more than a little, and usually their eyes have been more or less injured by the delay. It is, of course, unavailing to contend against the coming of spectacles. Dr. W. S. Dennett says: "Prejudices against their use are generally ignored at forty-five, and forgotten at fifty." But these prejudices are unfortunate; at whatever age glasses are needed they should be employed. There are children, even, who suffer for the lack of them, not knowing what ails them. This is especially the case in Germany, where short sight is very prevalent. The rule for impaired vision is in this matter a simple one. Whatever the age may be, from the first to the second childhood, call upon the aid of glasses as soon as you need it. If properly chosen, glasses will give you back your sight; and they will also, if properly chosen, tend to check rather than to hasten the changes that time brings about in the eyes. There is a popular prejudice that wearing glasses hastens the aging of the eyes. This is true of wrongly chosen glasses, but the reverse of this is the case when they are properly adapted to the eye.

How, then, are we to choose our glasses? This is a choice that requires skilled advice: and whose advice shall we take? Nine times out of ten we take our chances, and go to the shop of an optician, who "supplies both advice and glasses," and pass by the oculist whose business it is to know all about the eye and its requirements in health or disease. The optician knows at least that there are short-sighted people and long-sighted people, and he provides his customer on the spot with what he thinks best fitted for him. In like way the druggist sometimes prescribes instead of the physician; and when the case is a simple one, both the druggist and the optician will often prescribe well. Still, it is taking a risk on the part of the patient in either instance. The optician seldom has the thorough knowledge of the eye which is, or should be, at command of the oculist: and the optician's must generally be an amateur prescription. But as the optician prescribes gratis, hardly more than one person in ten consults the oculist, however much he may need him. It is not hard to see that one saves the oculist's fee at a considerable risk of mistaken treatment. The point is the same that I made in speaking of doctoring one's self; it is that we must know first of all what the matter is; that being accurately known, whether in the case of the eye or of any other complaining member, the choice of the remedy is comparatively easy; and to know what the matter is, it is better to go to an expert.

What are the affections of the eyes that require the aid of spectacles? The commonest are long sight, or presbyopia—a failure of vision for near objects; short sight, or myopia; irregular refraction, or astigmatism, in which certain lines appear clear and distinct, while other lines are blurred; and hypermetropia, in which the parallel rays of light are focussed behind the retina, and print becomes dim after reading a moderate time, with a hot and dull feeling in the eyes. The two first-named affections are the most frequent, and are often well provided for by the optician. Still, I would make this the first of the practical rules in the matter of coming to glasses.

1. If you find your eyesight failing in any respect, begin by getting expert advice as to its cause. Get the advice at once, and do not wait to be driven to it by the increasing stress of the trouble. And do not think that wearing glasses will hasten the changes which nature is working in the eye; they will, on the contrary, rather check than hasten them.

2. Many people think that eyeglasses look "younger" than spectacles. If you are particular on this point, get eyeglasses for use away from home, and take the solid comfort of spectacles in your own house. There is a popular impression that eyeglasses are not so serious a matter as spectacles; that they are "helpers" merely, to use a misleading word devoted by opticians to vision with which there is really no trouble. This is all a mistake; but if you choose, make use of eyeglasses whenever you wish to save appearances. But put on spectacles whenever you desire real comfort either in reading or writing. Spectacles are the best, because they are the steadiest, and are supported at a nearly constant distance from the eyes; while eyeglasses are constantly falling off, to say nothing of their uncomfortable pressure, nose-pinching, and of the nasal quality that this occasionally imparts to the voice. Spectacles are the best; and it is wonderful what clearness and brightness they will restore to the printed page, what comfort to the vision. When they are properly chosen, they are a veritable renewal of youth.

I annex Dr. Dennett's admirable *précis* of the principles which should guide the choice of glasses for near sight and for far sight. They are rules which every optician should learn and use for the benefit of his clients:

"Make all persons see distant objects as well as possible: near-sighted persons with the weakest, far-sighted persons with the strongest glasses.

"Allow near-sighted persons to use still weaker glasses, or none at all, for near vision.

"Allow far-sighted persons to wear still stronger glasses for near vision, and no glasses at all for distance, if they desire it.

"Refer to the oculist all who can not see as well as they ought, all who are very near-sighted, all who have become near-sighted recently, and all who are not satisfied with their glasses."

For those who are timid about beginning the use of spectacles, let me repeat that they are a comfort and a luxury from the first; and it is a pity to defer the enjoyment of their benefits until the time when they become a necessity. For a large part of every modern community, the eye is the light of the body only as its imperfections are corrected by suitable lenses. And such lenses should be found and used, whether in youth or age, as soon as they begin to be needed.

T. M. COAN, M.D.

THE YOUNG LADIES OF MODERN TIMES.

I KNOW I'm an old-fashioned body, though not foolishly set in my ways,
And I'd like well to speak my mind about the young ladies of modern days:
Their own grandmothers would not know them, and I'm lost in amazement mysel';
But whether the old or the young ones are right, I wish some wise person would tell.

When I was a girl 'twas not æsthetics, but fine housekeeping won men's praise,
And she was counted a notable woman that a good pie-crust could raise,
Who could make a luscious cordial, and who studied seasonings and ragouts;
But the young ladies who manage the world to-day have very different views.

My granddaughter Polly says: "Yes, indeed; there are servants to bake and to fry;
That cordials can now be bought in the stores, and doctors don't recommend pie;
That she knows better than waste her time distilling sweet waters and pomade,
When there's barbers and perfumers glad enough to follow the job for a trade."

And she plays Chopin and Beethoven; has a notion of Latin and Greek;
And German, French, and Italian, she says, every girl ought to speak.
She is writing a drama now; and she's written half a dozen romances;
And she'd think it "too shockingly slow" not to know all the new games and dances.

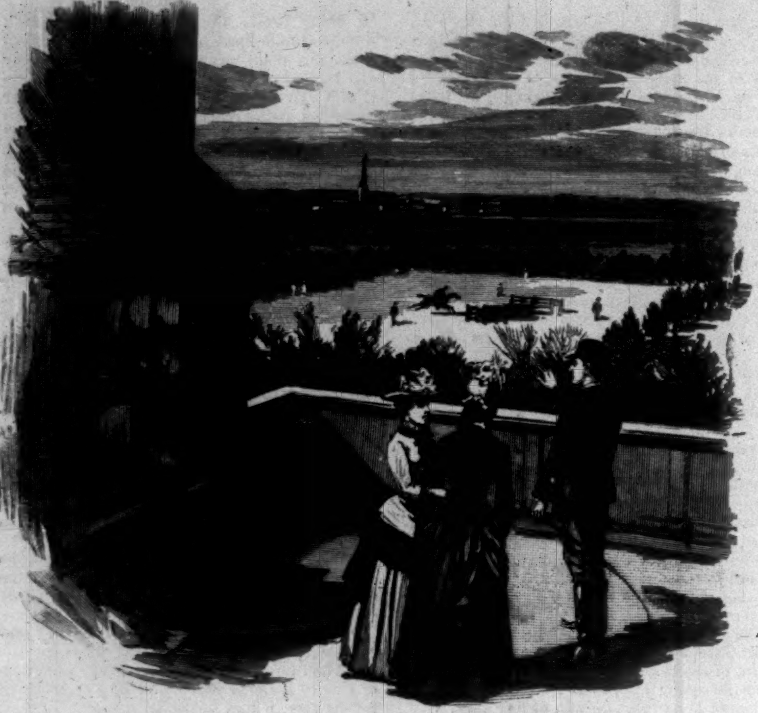
When I look at their "high art needle-work," at the sunflowers, lilies, and cranes,
At the wonderful painted palettes and plaques, I think girls are nothing but brains.
When I look at them fluted and frilled, like pinks, laces, feathers, and flowers in a mess,
All pictures of "epochs" and "styles" and "schools," I think girls are nothing but dress.

But in spite of the dressing and playing and painting, the truth must be told, and I'll say,
Never was housekeeping much better managed than just as it's managed to-day;
And fathers, instead of admonishing girls, praise and humor them early and late,
So maybe, I'm thinking, the young folks are right, and the old ones a bit out of date.

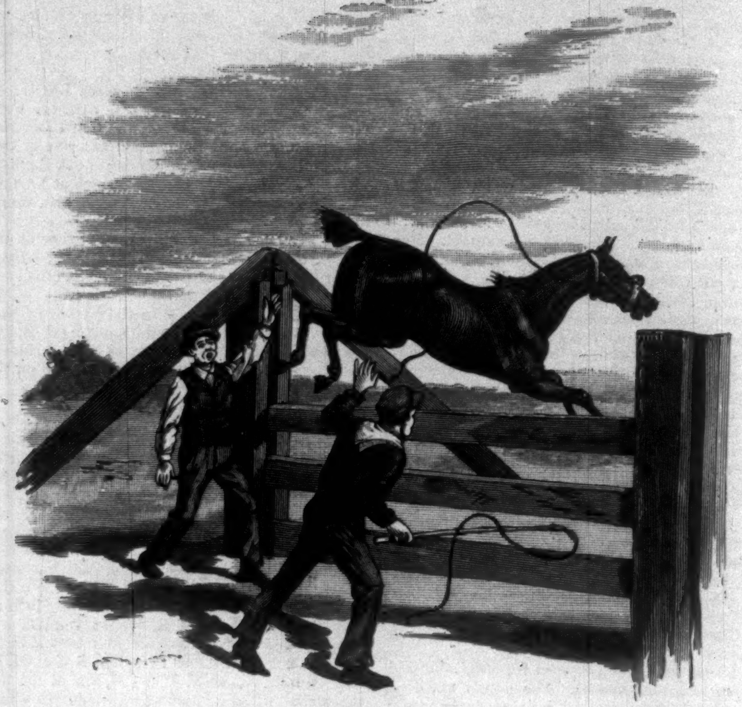
For the modern lover is just as bad; his mistress is all of a queen;
A more beautiful, brilliant, ethereal type than the world has ever seen.
He takes the housekeeping all on trust, while she sings him an exquisite song,
And though I don't understand it at all, the trust very rarely is wrong.

I was speaking about the girls of my time to a lover but yesterday;
And he said: "Ah yes; very excellent, ma'am: quite nice, I should think, in their way.
The fact of the matter is, women are fair in every epoch and clime;
But we get the *crème à la crème* of the sex in the ladies of our own time!"

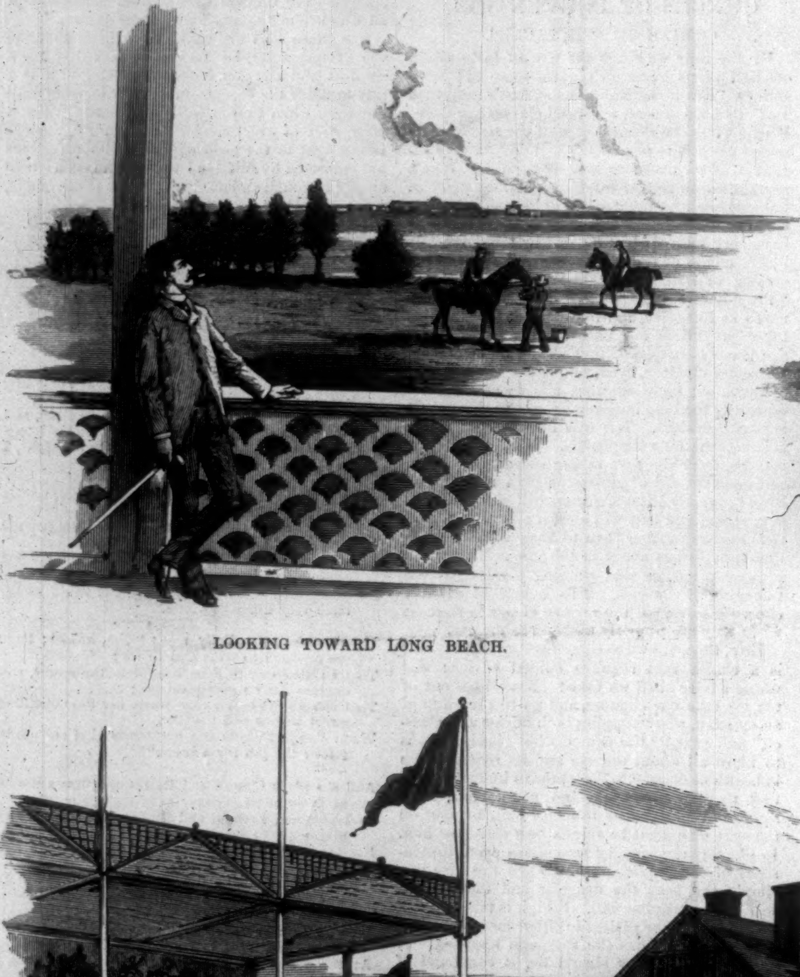
Then in came Polly, all frizzes and bangs, pale gold-color, surah, and lace;
And he looked at her, and then at me, with a kind of triumphant face;
And I wonder at Polly, and think of the past, till I'm lost in amazement mysel';
But whether the old or new way is best, I wish some wise body would tell.



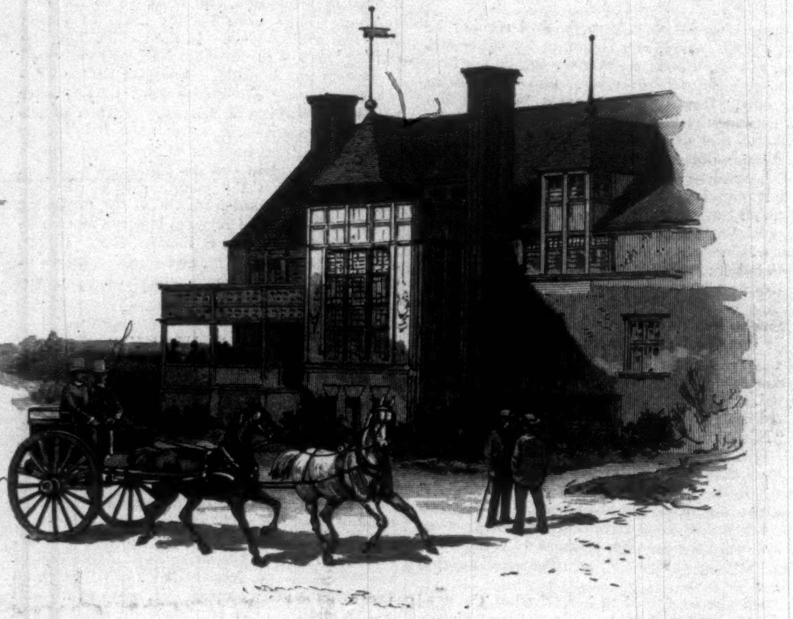
FROM THE CLUB-HOUSE BALCONY.



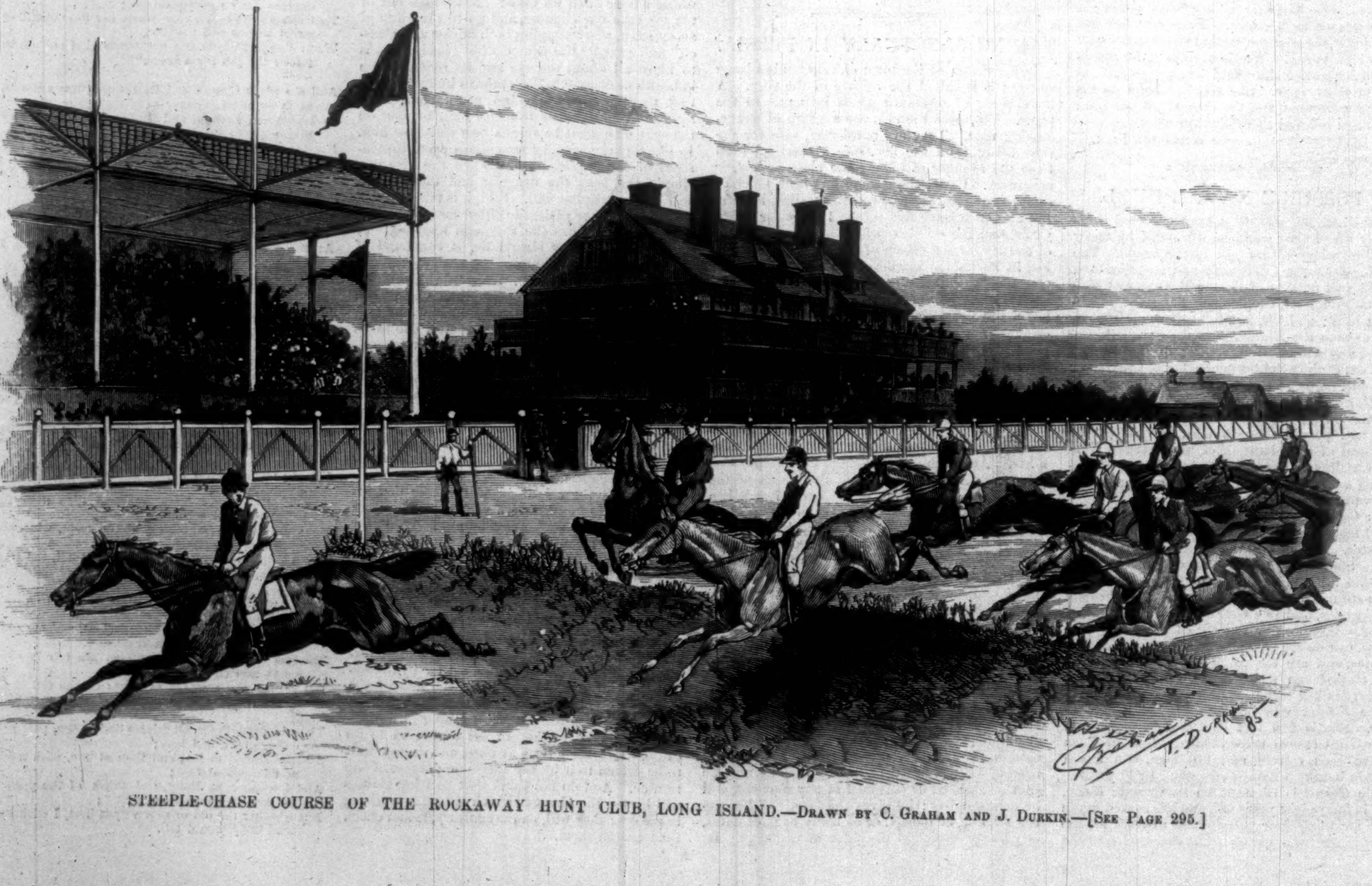
TRAINING "FLYING JENNY."



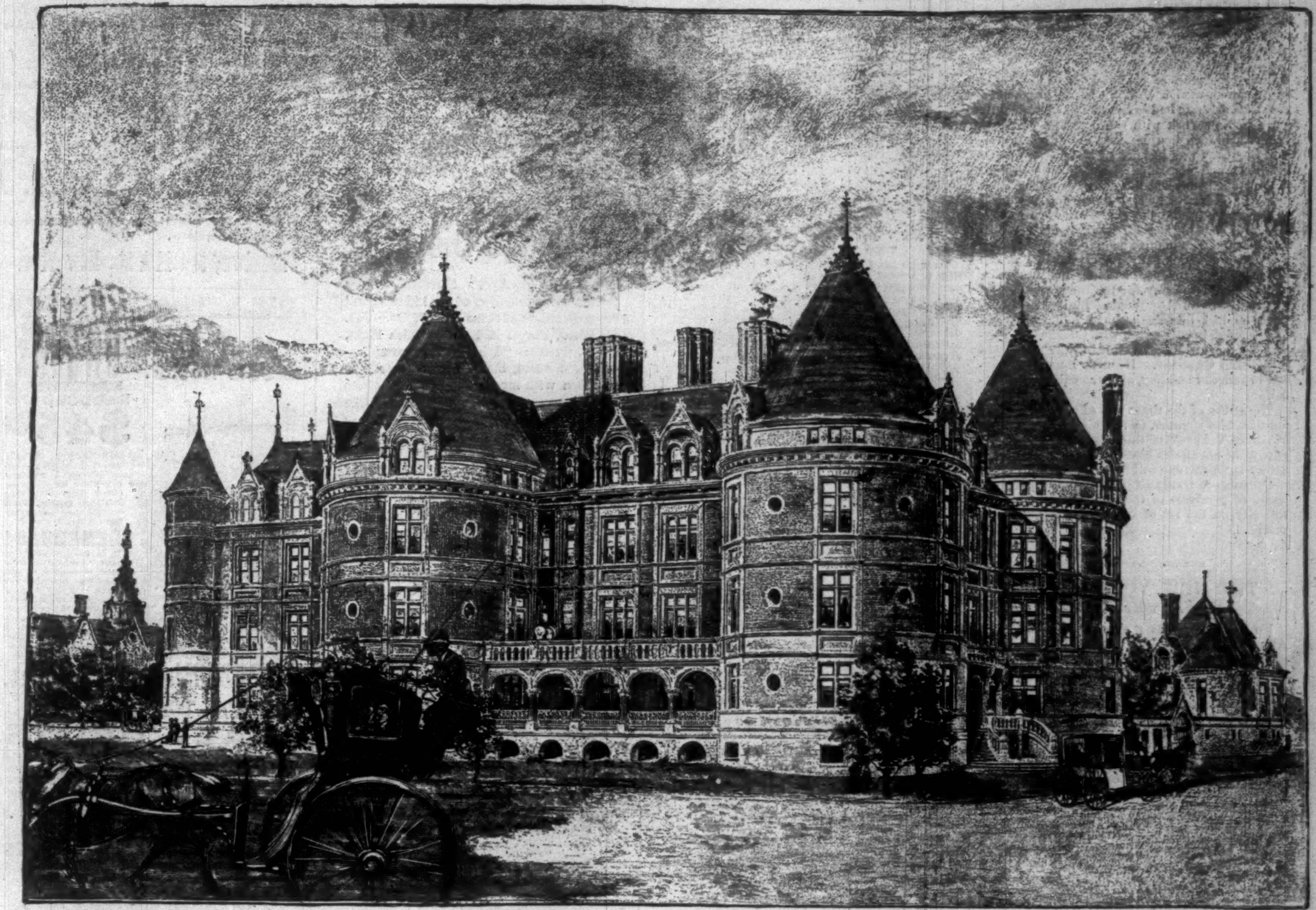
LOOKING TOWARD LONG BEACH.



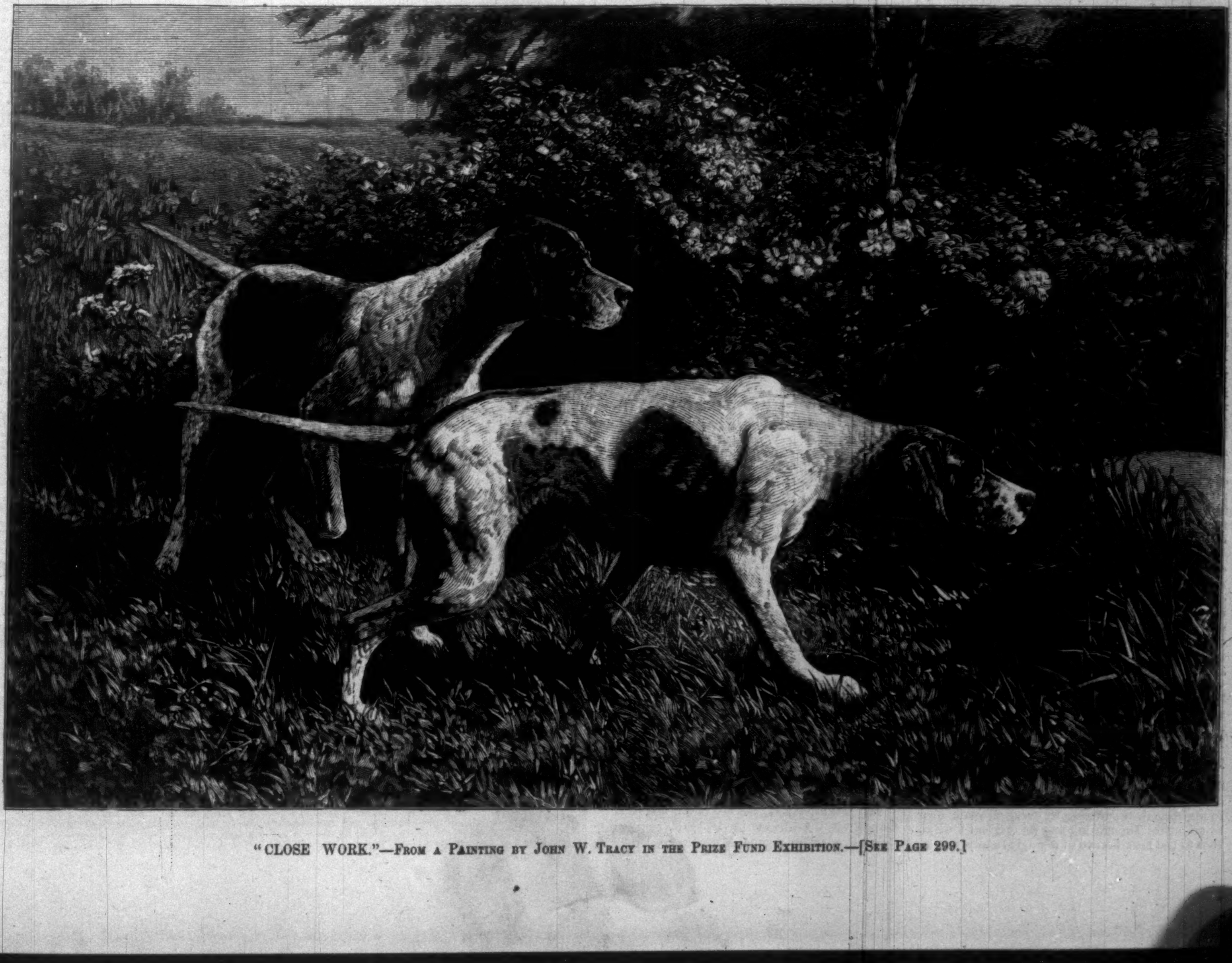
REAR OF THE CLUB-HOUSE.



STEEPLE-CHASE COURSE OF THE ROCKAWAY HUNT CLUB, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by C. Graham and J. Durkin.—[See Page 295.]



THE NEW YORK CANCER HOSPITAL.—From the Architect's Drawings.—[See Page 302.]



"CLOSE WORK."—From a Painting by John W. Tracy in the Prize Fund Exhibition.—[See Page 299.]

COMMODORE C. K. GARRISON.

Cornelius K. Garrison was a poor boy of thirteen when he began to do anything he could turn his hand to on the sailing vessels of the North River, and afterward he went to Canada and to the Southern cities of the Union, building boats of all kinds.

When the rush of gold-seekers to California began, he opened a banking house in Panama with the money he had saved, and in a few months came to New York with the intention of establishing a branch house. The Nicaragua Steamship Company was in need of a manager at San Francisco, and offered him $60,000 a year to go to that city and represent it. This was in 1852, and not long afterward he was practically in control of the company, and, moreover, had been elected Mayor of San Francisco. Besides his vigorous and successful administration of the affairs of the Nicaragua Company, he established a line of steam-ships to Japan, China, and Australia, and prepared the way for the construction of a railroad across the continent. Eight years afterward he had become a noted millionaire, and had secured, in connection with Commodore **Vanderbilt**, a controlling interest in the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company. He next interested himself in railroad building, and was equally successful.

The stress of the times and of advancing years led him, last summer, to make an assignment to Mr. **John T. Terry**, of this city, but it is believed that, after his affairs have been straightened out, a very large fortune will be left for his heirs.

Commodore **Garrison** died suddenly and painlessly of paralysis of the heart, at his home in this city, on the 1st of May, in his seventy-sixth year.

THE NEW YORK CANCER HOSPITAL.

No one who visits the upper end of Eighth Avenue as high as One Hundred and Fifth Street can fail to be struck with the imposing appearance of the new building now in course of erection, of which an illustration is given on page 301. Its round towers suggest the French château, and there is nothing except its size to mark it as a charitable institution. But the passer-by who admires this building simply as an architectural success, or who, knowing its history, regards it as merely a product of the ostentatious charity of a few rich people, misses altogether its larger meaning. The princely gift of Mr. and Mrs. **John J. Astor** has received accessions from so many different sources that it is now impossible to regard the New York Cancer Hospital as in any sense an exclusive enterprise.

The corner-stone was laid last May, since which time the work has been pushed steadily forward under the direction of the architect, Mr. **Charles C. Haight**, already well known as one of the most successful American designers of public buildings. According to his present estimate, the hospital will be ready for occupation by January 1, 1886, at furthest.

The structure of brick and stone measures 130 by 95 feet, the entire lot having a frontage of 200 feet and a depth of 180 feet. The pavilion now building is intended for woman only, but it is proposed to erect a similar one for men, and also a chapel.

There is no cellar proper, the foundations being laid in the natural rock. The present building occupies two sides of a parallelogram, and is furnished with three round towers, each of which is forty feet in diameter inside. The great advantage of this arrangement will be at once apparent; since three sides of each tower face externally, sunlight will be enjoyed by its inmates throughout the entire day.

The wards in the towers will contain eleven beds, each bed having an unusually large wall space and window-light—greater than is possible by any other arrangement. The present institution will be the only one in this country containing the so-called "circular wards," a form of ward adopted with great success in a hospital in Antwerp. The towers will also contain small wards, and there will be sixteen rooms for private patients.

The system of heating and ventilation is believed to be nearly perfect. Fresh air is forced into the cellar from an air-shaft ten feet above the ground, by means of a fan, as in the Metropolitan Opera-house, and rises to all parts of the building, the vitiated air being removed through a shaft in each ward.

In order effectually to eliminate every source of discomfort or annoyance, the kitchen is to be placed at the top of the house, each floor having its separate dining-room. The rooms for nurses, for the department of administration, etc., will be in the main building.

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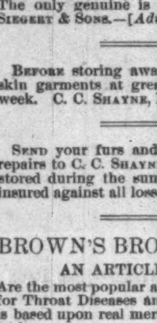

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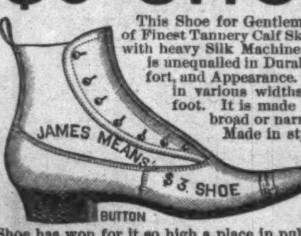

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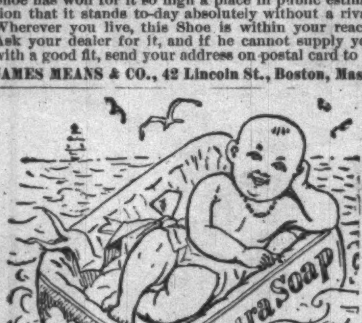

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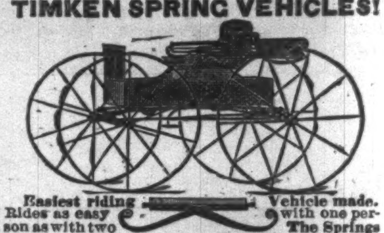

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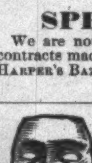

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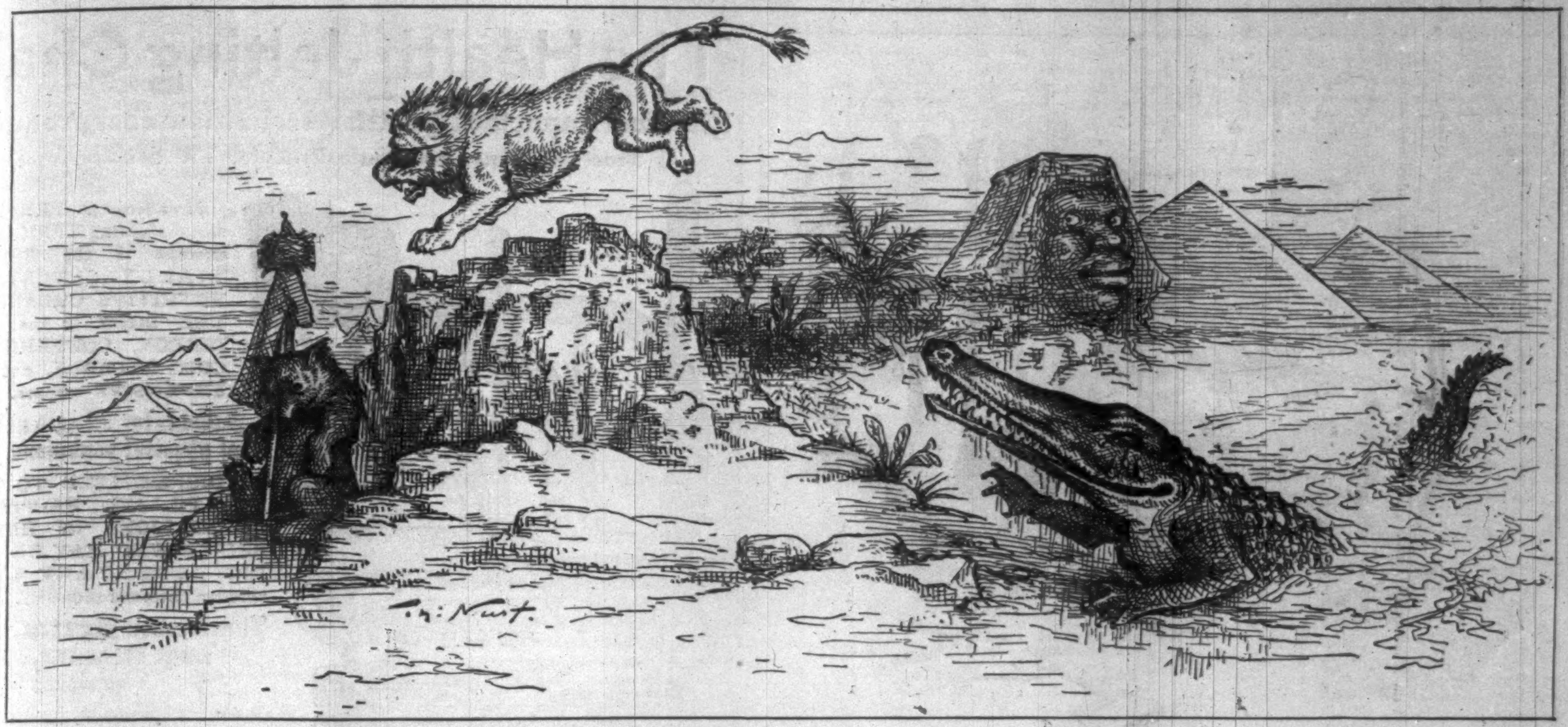

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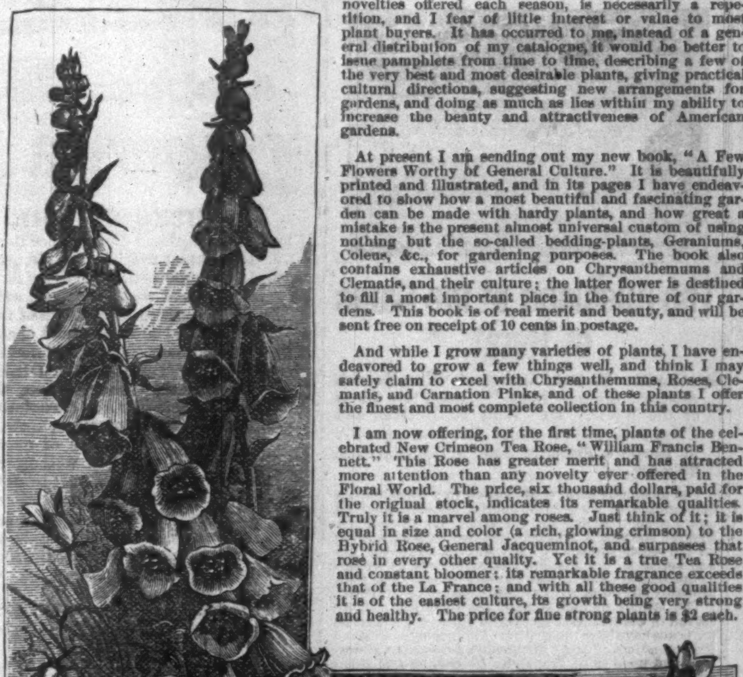

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